

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. **ILLUSTRATED.**

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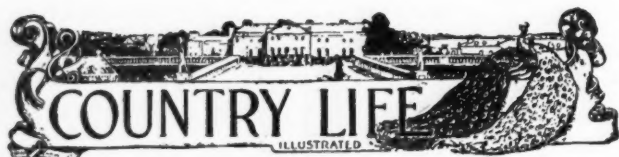
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LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW.

Dublin.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

The charge for small Advertisements of Property for Sale or to Let, Situations Wanted, etc., etc., is 5s. for 40 words and under, and 1s. for each additional 10 words or less. All orders must be accompanied by a remittance, and all matters relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Manager, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VIII. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

CROWN FORESTS AS NATIONAL PARKS.

THE words "Crown Forest" have a most misleading effect. They suggest something that the Sovereign keeps jealously to himself and from which the public is excluded. The facts are just the opposite. At the beginning of each reign the Sovereign has been in the habit of handing over these forests, together with the infinitely more valuable Crown lands elsewhere, including Regent Street, to the nation in return for so much guaranteed income. The estates are then managed by the Office of Woods and Forests with a view to making as much out of them as is possible for the nation. The lands are, for the current reign, our lands, our forests, and our woods, and during the last part of the late Queen's life we made a surplus income after paying the Queen her Civil List of something over £100,000 a year. But by a curious survival all the acts of the Woods and Forests Commissioners are spoken of as done "by the Crown," though they are really performed by officers acting in the cash interests of the public at large. Of forests and woods properly so-called the largest is the New Forest. The nation, by an Act of Parliament, and presumably with the consent of the heir to the throne, enacted that this shall be kept for ever, open and wild, as a national playground, and by so doing secured 93,000 acres of the most beautiful scenery in England for themselves and their children. The value of this to the country cannot be over-estimated even now, and in years to come it will be looked upon as one of the most precious public possessions in this overcrowded

island, a place where everyone can wander at will, with liberty and right to do so, on heaths and moors, under ancient natural groves and primeval woods, by brooks and rivers unpolluted, down even to the shores of the Solent Sea. Our object in referring to this great national trust is not historical, but practical. There are other Crown forests, which will pass into the hands of the nation during the next few months, which have, acre for acre, as much value as national parks as the New Forest. Some, from their nearness to great towns and to London, would be even more precious. Few of these yield any revenue worth considering in comparison with their value as open and wild spaces, free to all men to walk upon. Every year, as the country becomes more crowded, the liberty to roam at will on private ground is withdrawn by private owners, not from choice, but almost from necessity. A time must be coming when the only places on which the public will have a right to walk will be on the high roads, or on footpaths, to stray off which will be a trespass. Even the grassy margins of the roads are being paved and enclosed wherever land is valuable. The 93,000 acres of the New Forest sounds much. But the State of New York alone possesses just ten times that area of national forest and park, and is increasing it to a million acres, by votes from the State Parliament. No efforts should be spared to secure that these minor forests and woods shall be kept open and wild like the more famous New Forest, and that no building on them shall ever be permitted. Of the minor forests, four are already administered by the same officers who control the New Forest. One, Parkhurst Forest, is in the centre of the Isle of Wight. It was planted with a dense growth of trees in the days when the New Forest was about to be turned into a timber farm. At present it resembles one very large closely-planted wood; but in time, if the timber is felled with a view to preserving the forest trees, it will become a fine piece of forest. Bere Woods is another and very ancient piece of scattered forest land in South Hampshire.

The profit from the Bere Woods does not amount to more than £2,000 a year, and from Parkhurst about £150. Bere Woods are in many parts true forest, like St. Leonards Forest, or outlying portions of the New Forest. The Forest of Dean, on the other hand, does produce a considerable revenue, and its tenure is complicated by the existence of a very curious and unparalleled set of coal-mining rights enjoyed by the inhabitants. Anyone who is born or owns or occupies certain lands in the hundred of St. Briavels is a "free miner" by right as soon as he is twenty-one years old. This hundred with the picturesque name is larger than the whole extent of the forest. Its inhabitants, having worked for a year and a day in a mine, can claim their rights, and then peg out a mine. The extent of the pegging depends on the consent of the Woods and Forests officers. But as much as 2,000 acres have been granted. The Crown, or rather the public, gets a share of the profits to the extent of one-fifth, so there is a great inducement to the officials to encourage mining, so long as the public wishes to see a profit made; £20,000 worth of machinery may be fitted in a 1,000-acre deep mine. In the forest there are 22,000 acres, of which 18,000 are open to the public. The timber is mainly oak, and very good oak, far better than that in the New Forest, most of it planted very early in the last century, though many of the trees are more than 100 years old. A tree 198 years old was included in a frightful "slaughter" of old timber about fifty years ago, most of which was sold at a dead loss. Of this tree 500 cubic feet were sent to the Navy, and only 50ft. were unsound. In 1809 the "amenities" of the Forest of Dean were looked after by the management of the Woods and Forests, but not subject to the restrictions which prevent the cutting of timber for profit, as in the New Forest. Also the Commissioners have the right to sell parts of the forest to make money. This is a most fatal and pernicious provision. So long as the Office is expected to make money, it must be expected to do so by any proper business methods available. Consequently, an advantageous sale might, and perhaps ought to tempt them, whereby each and every one of us might be richer by perhaps some decimal of a farthing, and a piece of what should be national forest be lost for ever. The temptation to sell the forests, or, what is equally deplorable, to let them as building ground, is very much greater when they are near what are called residential areas. Two most lovely tracts of Crown forest are at the present moment in juxtaposition to ground where building sites are fetching high and increasing prices. They are themselves among the most beautiful and wildest pieces of English scenery, one close to the Hind Head, the other at Esher, not two miles from Sandown racecourse. We allude to Wolmer Forest, and the exquisite pine woods and common behind Claremont. Wolmer Forest, constantly alluded to in White's "History of Selborne," is even more lovely than in his day, for it has been much planted with Scotch fir, and even with oak. Its native heather, its pools, meres, and marshes are still full of scarce birds, rare butterflies, and beautiful flowers. It is embedded, too, in common covered with holly and oak, and one of its outlying pools, Hollywater, with its famous clump of pines, is as lovely a little woodland lake as exists in England. We believe that the

whole of this area was, under the late arrangement, leased to the War Office, who put up notices forbidding the public even to walk on the heather. Close by is the ever-growing area of red villas on Hind Head, and the railway is only four miles off, at Liphook. Should this, the most important to Londoners of any of the remaining Crown forests, be used by us, through the public servants in the department of the Woods and Forests, to make a few thousands a year out of in ground rents? or should it not be at once and permanently rescued, and made into a national heirloom for ever? Surely there can be no two opinions about this. The forest is only fifty miles from London. It covers 3,000 acres, and with its adjacent common a considerably greater area, and forms a centre, open and wild, to much particularly beautiful private property, including the cultivated parts of the villages of Selborne, Thursley, and Bramshott. This lovely forest should in any case be made safe and preserved. The total revenue gained from it up to 1890 was not £1,000 a year, though probably the War Office lease adds a little to this. That £1,000 a year would be enough to lease a considerable amount of rough ground adjacent, and largely to increase the area of what might be the best of all the national parks of the Home Counties. Close by, too, is Alice Holt Forest, 1,000 acres of fine oaks, growing on a stiff clay, a wood once stocked with fallow deer and wild boars by a grantee of the forest; but "the country fell upon them," i.e., the wild boars, in Gilbert White's time, nominally because of the damage they did, but really because of a quarrel with the Crown tenants. Besides these southern forests, the Crown surrendered one-third of Windsor Forest, making in all 10,000 acres. The Queen actually rented her farms near Windsor from the nation. In addition to these, there are Crown woods in Delamere Forest, and also near Durham. It should be the aim of every sensible Englishman to see that each and all of these areas, so important as open and wild spaces, so valueless to the individual as a source of petty revenues, should be preserved uninjured.



THE first weeks of the reign of Edward VII. have been made up of days singularly toilsome and varied. On Saturday, for example, he received and made happy speeches to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Church of Scotland, the Royal Society, and the Corporation of Edinburgh. Then, at ten o'clock in the evening, he started off from Charing Cross to what is feared, indeed almost known, must be the deathbed of the Empress Frederick, who is three years his senior. It may be worthy of notice, as an instance of the King's consideration in small matters, that his decision to arrive at Port Victoria late, and to depart at dawn next morning, was dictated not by personal convenience, but by a desire to allow the railway companies to use Port Victoria for their ordinary Flushing service. As matters turned out they did use the pier at Queenborough, which is fast rising from its ashes, for their Flushing boats, while the Victoria and Albert lay moored to the pier at Port Victoria. But they knew of His Majesty's considerate intention, and valued it none the less.

A wonderful boat really is the beautifully kept and furnished Victoria and Albert. It seems almost incredible, but it is the fact, that the same Royal yacht, which is now practically the only one available for any long or even considerable sea voyage, carried her late Majesty for the first time in 1855. She was regarded as a miracle then with her speed of seventeen knots, and it is not a little to the credit of all who have been concerned in her that she still maintains a speed of fifteen knots. But that in these days is anything but a miracle, and, frankly, we hardly think that the parts of the vessel which are below the water-line can be so unquestionably sound as they ought to be in the case of a vessel which has to carry the King of England to and fro. It is, in fact, high time that a definite settlement should be reached with regard to the new Royal yacht which has been so conspicuous a failure. Should it be necessary to build a new

one, we trust that she may not be laid down upon so colossal a scale as the Hohenzollern. It is absurd to call that vessel a yacht; she is simply a first-class cruiser. It is only fair to add that Sir William White cannot fairly be blamed for the whole of the failure in connection with the new Royal yacht. His design might or might not have resulted in a seaworthy vessel. What made failure absolutely certain was the compulsory addition of an enormous amount of top-weight for the convenience of passengers other than Royalty, and upon which he cannot have been expected to calculate.

All who have the sense of fair play, even in embryo, are indebted to the *Daily Chronicle* for its exposure, by the deadly method of parallel columns, of the difference between the Conciliation Committee's Leaflets, purporting to be extracts from the Canadian Lieutenant Morrison's account of certain events in South Africa, and the original. Out of many flagrant cases we select one.

LEAFLET No. 65.

"As I stood looking, a woman, the owner of a very pretty cottage standing in a rose garden on a side street, which was being destroyed, turned to me, and *pathetically* exclaimed, 'Oh, how can you be so cruel?' I sympathised with her, and explained that it was an order, and had to be obeyed."

LIEUTENANT MORRISON.

"As I stood looking on she turned to me and said, 'Oh, how can you be so cruel?' I sympathised with her, and explained it was an order, and had to be obeyed."

"She was a good-looking female in distress, and had quite the dramatic style of an ill-used heroine. I certainly was sorry for her—we all were—until the house began to burn and a lot of concealed ammunition to explode and nearly killed some of our men."

Suppressio Veri could no further go; and such flagrant misrepresentations ought to be, perhaps is, a criminal offence. The half-apologies which have been extracted make the original sin worse rather than better.

The question has been asked, "What's in a name?" It is one of those questions that commonly go unanswered, because the answer is obvious. In this case the answer is very obvious—"a great deal." Much talk is forward at the moment, and formed the subject of a recent lecture at Aldershot, on the advisability of alterations in the cavalry arm of our Service. There is a disposition to change the cavalryman into the mounted rifleman—it is in that form that we generally see the proposition stated. The practical changes will no doubt be made with all wisdom; but we will venture to doubt the wisdom of any change in the name. The word "cavalry" has always signified something dashing and attractive to a generous fancy. The mounted branch of the Service would lose much of this attraction if its name were changed; but mounted riflemen would lose nothing in efficiency by retaining the old name, which would describe them accurately still, of cavalry.

There are some pretty and touching facts very grateful to COUNTRY LIFE embalmed in the Welsh column of the *Men of Harlech*, the journal of the Welch Regiment, under the title "Cyfeillion Mudion y Milwyr," or "The Dumb Pets of Soldiers." Here celebrated in the Ancient British tongue in its primeval purity, we find Major Plumbe's terrier, who watched his master's body for six hours at Graspan; the cat which stormed the heights of Alma on the knapsack of a man in the Black Watch; the collie which saved Captain Gregg in the American War; Charlie, who, having been left behind at Cape Town, turned up at the Modder; and other animal pets. To the credit of the Welsh people be it recorded that, when it comes to a matter of recording atrocities, their language is perforce a borrower. Of the Indian episode it is written at the end, "yna yscalpiant hwy (there—the Indians—scalped them)." In the adjoining column, which is in the comic vein, and concerned with Mr. Kruger and "gorilla warfare," the borrowings from English are more considerable. Kruger is accused in a sprightly dialogue of enlisting the gorillas against us, and they are described as "Rhyw hen fwncis savage (Some old savage monkeys)," "fel oedd yn y menagerie pwy ddiwrnod (like those there were in the menagerie one day)." "Na dirty scamp i ch'i" concludes the Mrs. Morgan of the dialogue, quoting English as freely as a fashionable Frenchman.

It is not too much to say that the appointment of Colonel E. D. Ward, in the room of Sir Ralph Knox, has given the most complete satisfaction to those who know how excellent and businesslike and courteous a man he is. Despatches have shown how deservedly high is Earl Roberts's opinion of the manner in which Colonel Ward carried out his duties in very difficult circumstances in South Africa. Those who depended upon him for their daily bread at Ladysmith speak of him almost as if he had been a magician. But perhaps the most valuable experience, having regard to his forthcoming duties, which Colonel Ward has enjoyed, was that which he passed through in connection with the Royal Military Tournament, of which he became secretary when

the administration of that huge annual entertainment was taken out of the hands of Volunteer officers. Then it was that Colonel Ward showed his marvellous genius for organisation. Then it was that he came into touch with every branch of the military service, and then it was that he learned—as he once told the writer—that no difficulty is really insuperable, if it be faced with courage. Let the writer add, as Colonel Ward did not, that a high order of intelligence is needed also, and that Colonel Ward has it. Last, but not least, he has a delightful manner.

The largest and most successful of the twenty-two Shire Horse Shows that have now been held opened at Islington on Tuesday and closed yesterday. Next week we hope to give a detailed description of it, with some portraits of the more remarkable winners. At present we must confine ourselves to one or two very brief statements. The number of entries exceeded that of any former occasion, the increase being chiefly in the classes allotted to mares and fillies, and for quality, the entries ranked with those of any exhibition yet held. It was a very representative show, the animals coming from all parts of the kingdom, and, as might have been expected, it drew to London farmers from the remote districts, who showed by their attention and criticism how much importance they are learning to attach to the breeding of heavy horses as a practical branch of their craft. The Shire horse never before stood so high in their esteem as he does to-day.

The scandalous abuse of authority which was brought to light last week by the reduction to the ranks of ten Metropolitan police-sergeants, is further evidence of the evils of "tipping," and though these men are in all probability merely scapegoats, it is impossible to sympathise with them. No one will deny that their area of supervision was large, and that the property it embraced was valuable—in a word, that they fairly earned their pay—but "Christmas boxes" cannot be regarded in the light of voluntary offerings when two subordinates are deputed each year to go round the houses of "customers," and to collect stated sums for the enrichment of their seniors. Complaint was inevitable, and the result we know. An equally obnoxious habit obtained years ago, when riders in the Row used to be pestered by mounted constables riding up beside them, and, card in hand, soliciting subscriptions for the funds of the Metropolitan Police Orphanage—an excellent institution, not a doubt of it—but a word to "the Yard" from a private individual knocked that scheme on the head also.

We shall watch with no little interest the efforts of Mr. Whymper, the well-known Alpine climber, to conquer some of the—at present—virgin peaks of the Canadian Rockies. He is to be accompanied by his own Swiss guide, and by Tom Wilson, a Canadian guide of great renown, and his particular ambition is to reach the summit of Mount Assiniboini, which is believed to be from 11,800ft. to 12,600ft. in height. It may be worth while to notice that Mr. Whymper was born in April, 1840, and that his conquest of the Matterhorn was accomplished in 1865. Since then he has done much exploration of "Greenland's icy mountains" and of the Andes, and the Alps have been his mere playground. He is unmarried, and he has, therefore, better right to be adventurous than a good many other Alpine travellers. But still, he is of a considerable age for new exploits.

Opinions vary about the horse at all times, but they have never varied more remarkably than during the last week or two. The chairman of the London Road Car Company enlarged to his shareholders upon the delights of being drawn in the open air by two noble animals provided by providence. We may remark in passing that when we have required the services of this noble animal, providence has always dealt through a middleman—sometimes through a dealer, sometimes through a job-master, sometimes in a manner even more indirect—nor have the results of the transaction always been entirely satisfactory, save to the middleman. On the other hand, Mr. James Swinburne, in the *Eastern Counties' Magazine*, takes the contrary view when he says: "The chief drawback to street locomotion is the horse. He has been with us for five thousand years, and has not learned manners or decency. He is nearly as filthy as the hen, and he is dirty and insanitary on a larger scale." That is a fowl comparison. Then in the immortal "Cruise Upon Wheels," written by the little-known but clever brother of Wilkie Collins, the horse is described as a ferocious animal.

The cold, the unusually cold, weather of February ought to bring the trout into fine condition as soon as the time comes for catching them. Of course, to this it may be said that the catching of the trout in Devon, "with the February Red" and the "Blue Upright," begins as soon as February itself. And that is true, but it is exceptional. We do not, taking one part of the kingdom with another, look for the beginning of trout-fishing earlier than March 1st, and in many important rivers later again. Speaking generally, cold and frost early in the

spring seem good friends to the trout-fisher. Nor are they bad friends to the shooter, probably killing off a percentage of the most unfit of the grouse and partridges, and certainly checking the premature nesting which is apt to lead to destruction of infant bird-life. The gardener, too, we think, will not altogether regret the retarding of the fruit-tree buds. A severe February is unpleasant while it lasts, but has its compensations in future prospects.

It is as pleasant as it is surprising, in these days when one and all are bewailing the decadence of the salmon, to find a man who is satisfied with things in their present state. Such a man was a Hartlepool fisherman, witness before the Royal Commission on Salmon Fisheries one day last week. His evidence was to the effect that 1900 was the best fishing year in the Tees estuary since 1875, when he began fishing there. Interesting evidence was given by a holder of fisheries in the Tyne since 1861, to the effect that salmon now ascend the river a good deal later in the season than they used to do. This witness also attributed a good deal of the destruction of the salmon to the eating of young ones by the sea trout; but he does not seem to have said that the sea trout have increased. A tenant of the Duke of Northumberland advocated killing down the "black-backs"; probably both the big and the lesser gull of that description. Another complained of the "dolphins" (dogfish, perhaps) preying on the salmon. But behind all is ever the background of common complaint, from all but those interested in net-fishing, about the over-netting. They may embroider what devices of sewage-pollution, surface draining, and poaching they please upon it, but the substance of all the trouble is, almost everywhere, the over-netting and the netting of spawning fish. On the Wye it really does seem as if a lack of water were the chief cause of decrease of fish, but a witness from the same district, referring to the Severn, touched the right answer in advocating a close time beginning on August 15th.

"Pity 'tis, 'tis true" that the people of the United States will be extreme in all things. That an American gentleman should be as perfect a gentleman as can be found in the world, and an American lady the most delightful of her sex, is entirely agreeable. But the American prude is equally extreme, and even the draped piano legs of fable have now an equal. The "Regents" of New York have banned the Venus of Milo "on the ground of nudity," and they have prohibited sacred pictures having reference to the Nativity for fear of hurting the sensibilities of Hebrews! How many times sacred pictures of the kind have passed through Hebrew hands for filthy lucre the Regents omit to consider. Then, a day or two ago, we read that the Pastor of the Pilgrim Church of Brooklyn Borough, by way of entering into rivalry with the free lunches of the drink-saloons, had determined to offer after each service a selection of American delicatessen. It is expected, adds the *Daily Express* telegram, that tramps and the like will at once concentrate upon Brooklyn, and that there will be a great religious revival among the "hoboes." For our own part we are almost inclined to be a little shocked at this disregard of the dignity of religion.

Often, and justly, has the French duel been laughed at for its innocuous character, and the assertion has been made that a stout walking-stick would be more effective than the average duelling-sword. Certainly the fencing-cane has now been proved to be quite as dangerous, for we read in a contemporary which quotes from the *Journal* (Paris), that "two fencing professors, attached to a gymnasium in the Rue de Malte, met before a jury of their friends under the following unusual conditions. The weapons to be fencing canes, each round to last half-an-hour, and every halt to be deducted. The two men attacked each other with great violence, and at the end of the duel both were in a pitiable condition, their bodies being marked with numerous cuts, from which blood flowed freely." This is the most sanguinary French duel of which we have read for some time, and it compels the casual observation that, if the French would go a step further and content themselves with Nature's weapons, they might occasionally hurt one another.

The Californian State Board of Horticulture is harassed not a little, and not unnaturally, by the Belgian hare. A few thousands or so of these creatures have been imported into some of the Western States of America, and, with the example of the English rabbit in Australia and the English sparrow in the States before his eyes, it is not to be wondered at that the Californian looks on the Belgian hare with an interest tinged with awe. It is not a little singular, seeing how the rabbit has over-run Australia, that he keeps himself within very reasonable numbers in California and the West of America. There he has, of course, the competition of the native jack rabbit (really a hare, not going to ground) to contend with. The jack rabbits are all over the plains, the "cotton-tails," as the locals call our rabbit, chiefly in gulches, river beds, etc., where they make their burrows. It is quite a delusion to suppose, as some do, that

they do not burrow in that country. These Western States are cultivated with wheat and fruit, and neither benefits by a multitude of hares or rabbits. The common Californian phrase for a good fence—"horse-high, hog-proof, and rabbit-tight"—sufficiently indicates the animals to be excluded. It is a dangerous experiment to add the Belgian hare to their number. But perhaps it is a matter already beyond the control of the Board of Horticulture, for there are said to be already some thousands at large in the West.

We desire to direct earnest attention to the Exhibition of Works in Wood to be held at Carpenters' Hall in June, 1901. Many of the competitions, indeed almost all of them, are interesting to readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*, but particularly those which are concerned with wooden and half-timbered dwelling-houses. Two prizes in each class are offered for those models of dwelling-

houses built chiefly of wood which possess sufficient merit, and the classes are: (1) A detached labourer's cottage of one story, with the accommodation detailed in the schedule. (2) A detached labourer's cottage, two stories high, with the same accommodation. (3) A small dwelling-house fit for a head-gardener or farm bailiff to occupy, with the accommodation detailed in the schedule. (4) Plans of cottages—designs, including working drawings, specifications, and approximate estimate, with or without perspective sketch, or a detached labourer's cottage, similar either to Class I. or Class II. Drawings to a scale of a quarter of an inch to a foot, with constructive details to a larger scale. First prize, the gold medal of the Carpenters' Company; second prize, their silver medal. Space does not permit us to give the schedule and conditions at length, but we earnestly hope that many readers will write for them to Mr. S. W. Preston, at Carpenters' Hall, London Wall.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

UNFORTUNATELY there is no denying the fact that the Waterloo Cup this year has not succeeded in attracting so much attention as several of its immediate predecessors; nor was the sport as satisfactory as it has been upon some former occasions. In fact, on the first day there were a number of very fluky trials, in which some good greyhounds suffered; but happily by the time the end came public form was vindicated, and Messrs. Fawcett's Fearless Footsteps, who had not been out previously this season, repeated her victory of twelve months ago, and for the second time filled the nomination of Mr. J. H. Bibby, the popular secretary of the meeting. The fact that her owners elected to be represented by Farndon Ferry in preference to last year's winner had the effect of causing the latter to start first favourite at 9 to 1, but Fearless Footsteps was always a public fancy, and so 100 to 10 was her price on the night of the draw. That the confidence of Messrs. Fawcett in the ability of Farndon Ferry was fully justified was amply proved by the running, for the brindle and white performed very smartly indeed on the first day, and worked his way into the last four by his cleverness and speed. In the semi-final, however, he met his kennel companion and went down before her; but the trial was not an altogether satisfactory one, for though the black-ticked won clearly enough, the hare they got was only



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WILKINSON SLIPPING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a moderate one and did not afford either greyhound a full opportunity for doing justice to his or her reputation. Messrs. Fawcett, moreover, experienced the satisfaction of dividing the Plate with Father o' Fire, who was fancied by a number of good judges for the Cup, but he failed to show to advantage on the first day, which no doubt was lucky for his owners, as had he stood up he could not have run for the event in which he was partially successful.

Upon the first day, as already mentioned, some of the trials were extremely fluky; in fact the talent were less happy than usual in selecting the winners of courses, no fewer than fifteen of the favourites coming down in the first round. In the second, however, the luck changed, as only Father o' Fire, Peerless Beauty, and Mrs. Grundy came to grief. The first-named of the trio was put out by Lady Husheen, a clinking good bitch puppy, the property of Dr. Rutherford Harris, who got into the last four, and should be marked as dangerous, if she goes to slips next year for the Cup fit and well. Consequently it was no disgrace for Father o' Fire to get beaten by her, especially when it is remembered that in the first round he had run a very hard course against the Duke of Leeds' Loving Cup, who filled the place of last year's runner-up, Lavishly Clothed, who had gone amiss. The last of the quartette which took part in the semi-finals was Mr. F. Clarke's Cleughbrae, who filled the nomination of



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PICKING UP AFTER A KILL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. Watson, and started at the remunerative price of 1,000 to 8, Lady Husheen, whom he beat in the penultimate round, standing at 1,000 to 10. This brace ran a great course in the fifth round, the bitch putting in some wonderfully pretty work when once she got on the scut, but Cleughbrae showed the greater speed, and though not over-clever with his teeth, he beat her with something in hand. Another greyhound which made a good many friends was Mr. Dunmore's Dear Cardigan, who ran particularly well against Mr. White's White Ivory in the second ties, but got put out in the fourth round by Farndon Ferry, who, however, was only backed at 5 to 4, so that the public evidently considered Dear Cardigan had a fair chance of upsetting the crack.

Upon the whole, the Waterloo Cup for 1901 proved a



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A COURSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

who won the Waterloo Cup in 1850, 1852, and 1853, when it was a thirty-two dog stake, or Coomassie, the little red 44½-pounder who carried off the event in 1877 and 1878, being

the property on the first occasion of Mr. Gittus and upon the second of Mr. Lay, though neither held a nomination, opinions are likely to differ. At all events, good bitch though she be, it is not probable that her merits will ever be compared with those of Lord Lurgan's Master M'Grath, who won in 1868, 1869, and 1871, or with those of Colonel North's Fullerton, whose performances are within the recollection of all sportsmen. Perhaps, too, there may linger in the minds of old followers of the leash a good recollection of Mr. Blanshard's red bitch Bab at the Bouser, who, though she only ran up to Master M'Grath when the Irish dog won the Waterloo Cup for the second time, was still, in the opinion of some good judges, one of the best greyhounds that ever went to slips. Indeed few who witnessed the final for

the Cup in 1869 can deny the fact that the winner only just won after having had most of the luck, whilst a further proof of Bab at the Bouser's excellence is that in the



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WHICH WILL KILL?

"COUNTRY LIFE."

rather humdrum affair, the main incident of excitement in connection with it being the fight which took place between Red Fury and Judge Hawkins when they were slipped together for a spin on the Monday. The former dog ran so well last year that the scrap was unlucky for his owner; but there can be very little doubt that under any circumstances victory would have rested with either Farndon Ferry or Fearless Footsteps. As it was, it was, perhaps, fortunate that these two were drawn as they were, else, had they met in the final, the precedent of a former year, when Colonel North's Fullerton and Troughend divided, would probably have been followed, and the public would in consequence have been denied the pleasure of witnessing a meeting of the favourites. This, when it did come, was not a very satisfactory trial, but it was better than none at all, and most people rejoiced to see last year's winner pull through. Whether Fearless Footsteps is as great a greyhound as Mr. Cooke's Cerito,



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FEARLESS FOOTSTEPS AND CLEUGHBRAE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

course of her career she won the Scottish National St. Leger, 58 dogs, the Croxteth Stakes, Altcar, 58 dogs, the Great Scarisbrook Cup, 128 dogs, the Douglas Cup, 62 dogs, and led everything in the Waterloo Cup, excepting Master M'Grath, whilst she lost her position in the run up against him through a post being in her way. Truly a great greyhound was Bab at the Brouster, but she did not succeed in winning the Waterloo Cup, whereas Fearless Footsteps has done so twice. Consequently it is but reasonable that the latter's name should go down to posterity as the better greyhound of the two.



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THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP. "COUNTRY LIFE."

"WITHIN EASY . . . REACH OF LONDON."

SWEET maid, I know a forest wild and rude
Where to, on bicycle a patient spinner,
You may resort at noon, find rest, be wooed,
And then get back to town in time for dinner.
A wood it is of tumbled hills, where shine
The splintered sunbeams in a golden vapour—
On silver stem of birch, on ruddy pine,
On shattered bottle and dismembered paper.
But only once a week the throstle hears
The Beanfeast's blatant and barbaric chariot;
But once a week the squirrel stops his ears
'Gainst hankering Harry and coquettish Harriet.
All other days are thine, all other days,
To steal away from London's gloom and riches
And wander dreaming thro' Ardenic ways,
With me in Dege's comfortable breeches.
O far away seems London, far its fogs,
Its stilted unimproving conversations,
Its spectral cats, attenuated dogs,
Uprooted streets and tubular vibrations.
No newsboy here disturbs with cockney shout,
But soft the wood-dove coos, the blackbird whistles,
Here not one single word is breathed about
An Englishwoman's amorous epistles.
Here seems it, while the thrushes lift their strain,
And all the air is one harmonious tension,
That there is no such person as Hall Caine,
That Miss Corelli is a fond invention.
Here seems it men have ever moved with grace,
Free of the frock-coat and the topper's trammel,
That woman never laid upon her face
A coating of unkissable enamel.
O doubt me not, sweet maid, but side by side,
Ride out from London, for, as I'm a sinner,
Tho' disappointed by my wood, the ride
Will give you *such* an appetite for dinner.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

ON THE GREEN.

A WEEK or so ago we were noticing some interesting pictures by Avercamp, of which *Golf Illustrated* gave reproductions. And we noticed then that these were notable among Dutch pictures of golf in the olden time, in that they showed the game in progress on the turf, as in our modern manner, whereas most of the Dutch pictures show the old fellows of the time playing on the ice. It is rather singular, this being so, that the modern golfer in this country, puts his clubs away when the frost comes on, and during the past February has been condemned to many a week of enforced leisure. It is a great pity that we have lost this

game on the ice, for lost to us it seems to be. Surely it cannot have been quite the same as what we call golf to-day. For one thing, the putting evidently was at a stick instead of a hole. But this was only a difference in detail. It is quite sure that even the Dutch golfer, who was more practised on the ice than we of Great Britain, could not have ventured on a very free and dashing swing when his feet were on such a slippery surface. And we see no sign, in the pictures that survive, of any artificial foothold, such as we have for our curling. It is a thousand pities that the golfer should have lost his employment during the frosty weather. Possibly the Glasgow Exhibition and the special department of it (*i.e.*, the golf curio and antique department), which Mr. John Kerr, the minister of

Dirleton, near North Berwick, has in his charge, will discover something for us about the game which these old Dutch worthies are so often portrayed playing on the ice. It is very singular that we should find no account of it in any old story-books of the period, and we feel disposed to accuse those golfers who have a knowledge of the Dutch tongue for that they have not found any account of it. We cannot believe that no such account exists. Is there no Dutch "Badminton" on the game?

There is no great news to hand of great doings on the part of great golfers. In fact, there is something like a dearth of great golfers in the land. Vardon is in America, Mr. Ball in South Africa. Taylor, we hear, has been ill, but we see that he has sufficient life in him to respond very readily to Jack White's invitation for a match, merely making some little proviso about the arrangements that ought to be settled between them quite easily. Mr. Hilton has taken on his secretarial duties, but as these are closely connected with golfing affairs, and compel his residence on a golf green—a green, too, of the first quality—they ought rather to make a better golfer of him, if that be possible, than before he assumed them. They are not likely to be so arduous as to prevent his playing two rounds a day, except, we presume, when the meetings are on. Such of the first-class golfers as remain on active golfing service in Great Britain have been kept practically inactive (over the Southern part, at least, of the kingdom) by the snow. The Southern part has been the heaviest sufferer—we heard of drifts 8ft. deep in the neighbourhood of the Crookham course, that is to say, on the Berkshire Downs. Mr. Maxwell, we see, had the better of Mr. Livingston in playing off for the medal at North Berwick. It just wanted this challenge of White to Taylor to wake up the golfing world again, which has had an almost dormouse-like hibernation during the past wintry months.

Our Portrait Illustration.

LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW, as she is now, is the elder daughter of the Marquess of Ormonde and of the Marchioness of Ormonde, formerly Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor and daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. The whole world wishes her well in her married life with Major-General Pole-Carew, one of the most dashing and energetic officers in the Army, who, from the days of Kandahar even to those of Paardeberg and Pretoria, has been in close contact, almost without intermission, with Lord Roberts.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

WASTED EGGS.

FEBRUARY 25TH.—Many are the blighted hopes of early families among the birds, owing to mid-winter suddenly determining to come back in mid-February. Besides a house-sparrow's egg cast out of doors by its exasperated parents, a soaked robin's nest with three squashed and frozen eggs has been revealed among a sodden heap of rubbish which was a pleasant angle of a hedge-bank before a snow-drift covered it; and in a box put out for the tits, a pair of great tits have left a lonely addled egg. The rooks that were making themselves ridiculous with their spring antics all December, were also, no doubt, caught in the act of stealing a march upon time; but they always look like mutes at a funeral, so one cannot tell whether they are mourning domestic bereavements. Besides, they are still busy drilling holes in the turnips, which the rain will fill with water, and then if another frost comes the turnips will be ruined. Then, perhaps, "the farmer's friend" will be satisfied with his work.

THE RASCALLY HOODIE.

To the rook's rascally cousin, the hoodie crow, the hard weather has brought many windfalls, so that he affects a dainty appetite, and only picked out the eyes and the brain of a guillemot which was thrown ashore on the beach, leaving the carcass for the shore rats or any other scavenging gluttons with a liking for rank and fishy meat. Yet I have known times when the hoodies fought together for the right to peck the sole of an old hobnailed boot which lay mouldering on the salt marsh. But the adversity of other creatures—especially creatures with eyes and brains—is always the hoodie's opportunity, and the mishaps of the

lambing-yard at this season always make him fat and haughty. Wherefore one cannot regret that the owners of the mussel-beds in the big dyke have seen fit to hang up a hoodie on a pole on either bank, as a warning to the rest of the Forty Thieves in black and grey, who used to assemble daily at low tide to enjoy a cold collation of stolen shell-fish.

UNDER-SNOW LIFE.

One is apt to regard a snow-drift as something peculiarly inimical to life, partly because to be caught in a snow-drift is a specially unpleasant experience for ourselves, and partly because it is obvious that the birds cannot forage for food through the white blanket which each field seems to have pulled up to its hedge-bank shoulders and folded feet thick round its neck with the five-barred gate. But now that all the piled snow has soaked into the ground to feed the springs so that they shall not run dry in the long summer months, you may see plainly how fresh and perfect all the little hedge-plants have remained under shelter of the drift, while on ground where the snow was blown thin you shall hardly find a leaf or blade upon which some hungry bird has not tried its beak, and which is not scarred by frost or shrivelled by biting wind. And if you come at night with a lantern you shall see the early moth sitting on the twigs and fat caterpillars browsing comfortably below, with here and there a slimy khaki slug and here and there a woodlouse. All these lived under the snow-drift in safety.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE MOUSE.

Also, if you skirt the inside of the hedge—for, thank goodness, on our clean Norfolk soil you may tramp wet ploughland without carrying away half the field upon your boots—you will find that the same snow which shut off the birds from the food which lay on the surface of the ground made a sheltered preserve for the mice. In the broad deep furrow which marks the margin of the tilth, and which used to be the hares' highway before the snow obliterated it, the soft, sodden earth is veined with tiny channels branching and curving in every direction. These show where the little mice burrowed freely under the field's winter blanket, with no fear of hawks or owls overhead, and no waiting for only the scraps that the birds might leave. While the snow lasted they were lords of as much of the earth's surface as they chose to annex by tunnelling its soft coverlid. Warm it must be inside the snow too, for rabbits of the year, unaware that drifts are only here to-day and gone to-morrow, sometimes drive mazy tunnels into them, leading to a clean white chamber, in which perchance a snow-plough, cutting half the nursery away, will expose to the cold light of day a whole family of tiny new-born bunnies.

THE WOODPECKER ON FOOT.

While the frost and snow lasted the green woodpecker came into evidence again, his cheery shout of laughter—surely the country-folk call him the "yaffel" because his note is a musical compromise between "yell" and "laugh"?—ringing across the pasture as he lilted through the air from trunk to trunk. When the winter is mild we hear and see him less, because he merges himself in the crowd of groundling blackbirds, starlings, and mixed thrushes that probe the soft pasture for small life. Here the green woodpecker, with his strong, straight bill and keen eye for signs of insect life, lives riotously upon small things, especially ants' eggs, when he has pegged out a good mining claim

on an anthill. At such times you may see him in outline, with peaked crest pointing backwards in the same line as his leak in front, and completing his resemblance to an automatic hammer, as he pounds away into the crumbling maze of channels which the sleepy little ant-folk had cut with so much labour in their citadel.

THE TREE-CREEPER'S TAIL.

This hammer-like action of the whole body, not of the head and shoulders merely, which is so conspicuous in the green woodpecker, marks all his congeners too, as well as the little tree-creeper. This mouse in feathers belongs properly to the Passerine or sparrow order; but similar habits of feeding have taught him similar methods, and have even given him a tail with spiky tips to the feathers, otherwise the almost exclusive mark of the woodpecker. And the tree-creeper is so charmingly fearless, when you have once managed to persuade him to stay on the same side of a tree as yourself—by no means an easy job sometimes—that by watching him carefully you will see the use of these pointed tail-tips. In most books it is glibly stated that they help their possessor in climbing, because when pressed against the bark they prevent him from falling. But this, of course, is ridiculous. Look at any climbing bird's feet and you will see that the risk of falling is nil when one of those claws has gripped the bark. The grip of one foot of a tree-creeper would hold the weight of ten birds of his size.

NOT NATURE'S WAY.

Besides, such danger as there might be of falling would arise when the tree-creeper is running about the bark upside down—for it is a matter of indifference to him whether he is right side up or not—because then he has only one claw on each foot instead of three to hold on with. The fact that the hind toes have exceptionally long claws cannot compensate for this inequality; yet, if the tail were used as stated, its effect would then be, not to prevent the bird from falling, but to make it fall by pushing it down off the tree. Nature, however, does not provide creatures with safeguards which would play them false when they most need them.

A SPRING-HAMMER.

Watch the tree-creeper carefully as he runs on a tree trunk, and you will see that his tail simply trails after him until he comes to a knotty subject in the bark which requires the hammer. Then, whether he happens to be head downwards or not, his tail comes at once into play. Gripping the bark with his claws, the creeper begins to hammer at the crevice with a curved swing of the whole of his body—from what? From the tips of his tail feathers of course. These are then slightly extended, and the hard points find good purchase against the inequalities of the bark, while the elasticity of the quills gives driving power to each stroke. Thus viewed, this adaptation of the tails of wood-pecking birds to the work which they have to do, is a marked instance of the inheritance of an acquired character which was good for the species. It is even possible that the first tendency to spiky tails arose from the fact that parent tree-creeper's tails always were more or less spiky, having been worn ragged in constant hammering. So by degrees the species would lose the habit of secreting web-tissue which was not needed, until at last it became the rule for the ends of the quills to be produced bare.

E. K. R.

THE GAMES OF CHILDREN.

IT is always charming to watch the games of children, especially those that they have invented of their own initiative. Even into those which are imported into their midst they manage to convey a sincerity and reality that is all their own and makes their games a living interest. The intensity with which they enter into the make-believes of their "pretending" games passes not only all power of a stupid grown-up to imitate, but even all power of an adult properly to comprehend. What, for instance, are we to say of this charming little story (evidently it is true—no grown-up ever could invent it) of children, four in number, playing at being a railway train? "You see," said the eldest, the leader, in explanation, "I am the engine, Susy's a first-class carriage, Annie's a second, and Tommy's a third—at least," *sotto voce*, "he's not a third-class

carriage really, he's only a cattle truck; but we don't tell him so for fear he wouldn't like it."

Is this not beyond the power of an adult to comprehend fully?—the dubious position filled by Tommy, according to the necessities of his own self-respect and the exigencies of the train service. Really, in one sense of the really, he is Tommy, but for the purposes of the game he is really (another really) a cattle truck; but, in order to spare his feelings (and it shows a delicacy not common in children's dealings with one another), he is told that he is a third-class carriage. The whole business shows not only powers of "pretending," but also degrees of "pretending" rather beyond the ken of the mere adult.

No doubt children's games have come to them in great measure by tradition, by handing on from one generation of children to another, and in whatever part of the world we find them, whatever the race and the colour of the children, the games always seem to be imitations of the acts of adults. The serious business of the man or the woman is the amusement of the boy or the girl. The girl has her doll, her imitation baby, in very many societies of humanity, black, yellow, or white; the boy plays at THE WAR GAME, with toy bows and arrows, boomerangs, rifles, whatever the arm of the time and the country may be. Lately we have seen a marked increase in the ranks of the war players in Great Britain, inspired beyond a doubt by the influence of the khaki wave and the example of martial fathers.

I have always wished that someone would make a study of the street games of children, and find out what determines the fashion in these street games—whether it is a matter of seasons, or like the rotation of crops, why hop-scotch is played all over London at one time, why ball games



M. Emil Frechon.

THE WAR GAME.

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at another, hoops—for those who can get them—at a third, whip-tops—most pernicious of all to adult gouty toes—at a fourth, and so on. One game goes as completely out of fashion as crinolines and chignons, after being all the rage, and another comes in. Why is it? And does the same fashion prevail at the same time in every large town, or may Manchester be playing hop-sotch while Liverpool plays peg-top or leap-frog? There are many branches of science still left uninvestigated.

We have said that children's games as a rule are imitations of the serious business of their elders. It is a rule that has, like others, its exceptions. Plainly the game of BLIND MAN'S BUFF is one of such exceptions. Adults do not make it their serious business to go about blindfold trying to catch one another. Yet it is a very old game with several variants, such as the "brother I am bobbed" of the miners and the North Country. I am



M. Emil Frechon. *THE UNWILLING VICTIM.*

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afraid the origin of the game is only too easily to be conjectured. Deep down in the roots of human nature is the tendency which civilisation tries to eradicate, to take pleasure in the infirmity of another, or at the least to find it laughable. We are told, but of the authority of the tale I do not know, of a tribe of savages who never seem to laugh or perceive a joke except when they see a child suffer. It is to be hoped that we have moved on and upwards a little from that stage, but the experiences of the new boy at school must dispose him to think that British human nature in the twentieth century has not lost that primitive sense of humour. Children, who have so much of the savage—undeveloped men in little—have found entertainment in human infirmity long before they said to the prophet "Go up, thou bald-head." They find it still. And there is only too much likeness between the game



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THE COUNTING GAME.

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THE OPEN PALM.

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of blind man's buff and a group of graceless children "baiting" a blind man. In the game they have to blind their victim artificially and only for the time, but I fear the likeness is too striking for us to doubt that such "baiting" of the truly blind was the origin of the game.

In some ways the most interesting of all the games that children play is THE COUNTING GAME, with its infinite varieties. It goes almost without saying that the counting games are played on the fingers. This goes virtually without saying, because counting with children is so much a business of the fingers, as it is, indeed, with some adults, and has ever been in the beginning of the art of arithmetic. Thus many races have no numerals above four; five they call a hand, ten they indicate by a hand and a foot, and twenty by a man. The decimal system with its conveniences probably would have been different if men had generally had six fingers and six toes.

It is not easy to tell which variety of the finger game the small people in the picture are playing. Moreover, they obviously are a little upset by the eye of the camera upon them. Their slight distraction, however, is as nothing to the horror of the child who is THE UNWILLING VICTIM of the photographic process. Here, too, one fancifully may trace a likeness with the reluctance of people of primitive race to have a picture taken of them, because it may be used for purposes of bewitching them, or, again, because there is a notion that it strips them of a skin. The injury sometimes done by the Röntgen rays would confirm them in their opinion if they knew of these later miracles of science.

The counting games, perhaps, are coeval with the beginnings of culture. They are found in many forms and in many nations, surviving where the gesture-counting, properly so called, of primitive man has long been superseded. Tylor,

in his "Primitive Culture," speaks of a New Zealand game called "ti," "described as played by counting on the fingers, a number being called by one player, and he" (or is it not rather the opponent?) "having instantly to touch the proper finger; while in the Samoan game one player holds out so many fingers, and his opponent must do the same instantly or lose a point." Tylor admits the possibility that these may be English games borrowed, and it looks as if the Samoan variety of the game were the subject of the picture here shown. Strutt is the great authority for our English games, and Tylor quotes from Petronius Arbiter: "Trimalchio, not to seem moved by the loss, kissed the boy and bade him get up on his back. Without delay the boy climbed on horseback on him, and slapped him on the shoulders with his hand, laughing and calling out 'Bucca, bucca, quot sunt hic?'" Even to this day, according to Tylor, "In the English nursery the child learns to say how many fingers the nurse holds up, and the appointed formula of the game is: 'Buck, buck, how many horns do I hold up?'" So classical are we in our nurseries. More elaborate is the well-known game of "Morra," that is played in Italy, and an exactly similar pastime is held in high favour among the Chinese, whom we need not suspect of borrowing it from the foreigner; that Europe may have borrowed it from China is a deal more probable.

Enough has been said, however, to show how widely the counting game on the fingers is spread, and how similar are the



M. Emil Frechon.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

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inclinations of childhood under skins of all colours and in different epochs. In the history of tongues, which childhood teaches us, there is first the gesture language, then the inflection language, and then the language of formed words, and in none of childhood's games or interests do we find the use of all three conjoined more eloquently than in that ancient profession of THE OPEN PALM, well known the wide world over.



BOOK IV.—LOVE'S VICTORY.

CHAPTER I.

ALGITHA.

IT was a November day, sad and sunny as a happy memory.

Throughout the Castle it was said the Count ailed; but on the word some looked askance at Gundred and her counsellor, Tonstain, Sieur de Grouville, for though Karadac had ever taken little pleasure in common converse with his kind, yet he had fulfilled the claims upon him as judge and leader, overlord and friend, moving amongst his lieges silently often, yet ever a felt presence.

But since his marriage Gundred and Tonstain stood between him and his world. Scarce had his people seen his face, and some few won speech with him in Mont Orgueil, when lo, the curtain fell again, hiding him from all saving those two who had deceived him, and worked on him still, adding blindness of mind to that which Heaven had sent him. In a square chamber high above the pleasance Karadac lay immured, so rumour had it, and some would wander on the mounded grasses mid the briars and rose twigs, gazing upwards, but only saw the narrow window dark with curtained drapery, and none could learn how the Count fared within.

The autumn storms had passed from the land, and second summer reigned, a pale and still reflection of the first, with faded hues and memories for hopes; but though the sun shone,

and mild airs breathed, the Count remained hidden behind the drapery and grey walls. If his seigneurs desired to approach him, they were bidden to await his health, or to make known their wishes through those two who alone had access to the darkened chamber. Thus suspicion grew.

Gundred, the questioning eyes upon her, passed to and fro as though she saw not, with an unviolated majesty of mien. She stood in the Count's name before his people, and would uphold him to the last. Not that she forgot. When Karadac bade them look upon her loveliness at the marriage feast she thought the blow must kill the sense of shame in her; but alas, she found shame cannot die! So shame by anguished transmutation became her religion, the one feeling left her on which she based her self-respect.

About this time Goyault journeyed to Gouray, his wife with him, having intent to cross to Normandy to lay his sword at William's feet.

Algitha was gay; her fear had passed from her. She heard with secret joy that the Count could not receive her or Goyault, so would she be spared another stinging memory. To-morrow, only to-morrow—would the day never dawn that was to bear her from the place where she had known bitterness and a growing dread? Their boats lay at harbour in the horseshoe bay the sea had bitten from the flank of Gouray cliff.

Meanwhile the idle hours passed in stiff constraint where Gundred, with her women, worked at broad frames of tapestry.

And Algitha tired, for she was restless with happiness and the hope of leaving Gersay. The tide was up, and she could hear the play of water on the rocks below the Castle, and the sound wooed her. She longed to go and see the boat with the tall prow dancing on the gentle heave, the boat that soon should carry her far from these hated scenes.

"Lady Gundred, I would fain walk in the pleasaunce, for the air is sweet," she spoke at last.

Gundred rose. To Algitha she showed a full observance and cold ceremony, that lacked nothing save only kindness.

"I will lead you thither; or would you mount to the tower, whence we can see the coasts of Normandy?"

But Algitha preferred the pleasaunce, and there the two women walked together and talked a while; and Algitha longed to be alone, to think her own thoughts and savour of the coming freedom. But Gundred lingered, and their voices floated up to a darkened window overhead, and reached the ear of one vexed with the slow passage of the hours, who felt each day ache as another shackle on long-loaded limbs.

Gundred believed her lord half-dreamed throughout this period of dark suspense and waiting. He hid his thoughts from her because he loved her so, and would not grieve her by a knowledge of the fierce impatience which racked him in his gloom. She would leave him in the curtained canopy of his bed, and little guessed how he listened for her last footfall, to rise and range the walls like some trapped beast. To and fro, and to and fro, yearning with a frenzied love for his first look on that fair face that lived and burned within his smitten eyes.

He had borne his darkness better when he believed that it would last for ever. With the earliest gleam of hope the fret and jar of this disquietude arose. To see her, his own Algitha; to join the vision of her beauty to all things else he loved in her; to watch the still gaze of the picture thrill, and flush, and move in life! Anticipations maddened him.

He who had been a law unto himself was now blown about by every breeze of fancy and of hope. He grasped at that which was already his with eager hands, and waited for his dawn to come. Gundred's presence—which he deemed Algitha's—but added to his torment. Self-control was gone; he trembled lest in some ungoverned moment he should tear the wrappings from his eyes and look upon her, although Tonstain had given him warning that without due patience restoration might be foiled. Yet there were times—the fever of his thought and expectations rising high within him—he could have bartered all the future for one look!

On that same morning Tonstain bade him open wide his eyes upon the shadowed chamber walls and see once more.

And Karadac, with a cold sudden hand of fear upon him, scarce dared to raise his eyelids, lest after all the curse still rested on them. But Tonstain's face, first dim upon the dark, grew slowly clearer to his vision. Oh, glory of lost sight restored! A rush of god-like life stormed through him—a new earth and a new Heaven were his!

His shout rang to the joisted roof.

Then Tonstain turned aside and smiled a little cruel smile, for with that shout of elemental joy mingled the one name—Algitha!

"Nay, be calm, lord Count"; Tonstain's hand was on him. "Two further days of patience, that is all. Have you not waited many weeks and months? Two days—what are they?"

"Hell—hell—hell! To know her at my side and not behold her!"

"Two days—no more," Tonstain repeated, adding to himself: "And by that time we shall be rid of Goyault and his witch-wife. Thus it may be the Count's eyes, lacking the face they crave for, may rest content with that which Fate accords them. Life is a makeshift at the best."

So he left Karadac.

'And the Count, still panting, palpitating, lay long as in a trance, his bandaged face turned to the wall.

Across this lull of joy floated the sound of women's voices, and Karadac seemed to wake as one awakes upon a summer day at the soft patter of warm rain. He raised himself to listen, trembling. For it was her voice!

He got upon his feet, blindfold as he was, and groped his way along the wall towards the shrouded window, and there, leaning against the edges of the curtain, felt only that he heard.

First an unknown voice, sweet and clear as if drawn from a thin silver harpstring. A little pause, and then the voice he loved—his Algitha's, supreme in this allurements as in all others!

Tuned to a deeper note than most; rich, heart-searching, with a slow, delicate cadence in her speech that ever won upon him passionately. How often had he lain in their early days of love, unheeding of her words but thrilled to the quick as now with its strange music!

Back and forth the women walked, and each recurrent echo of his wife's voice struck an ascending note in the Count's perfervid mood.

Algitha! One look, just one look upon that breathing loveliness! Tumultuous feeling raged in him. He was a man

whom love had shaken from the long control of years. See her? He must see her, if but to gain for himself some small measure of calm for that ultimate moment when they two should gaze into each other's eyes for the first time.

He pressed his brows against the cool stone wall. He could not be patient while love called to him in that dear voice across the bounds of sight.

Again the soft murmur of her tones rose faintly on the air, and silence followed.

What—had the chance passed by him while he lingered with a foolish fear? He tore the bandage from his eyes and pushed aside the curtain.

A pale blur of light suffused filled all his aching vision, then darkness, and again a growing light, till the autumn landscape lay outspread before him. Green hillsides crowned in trees, and a sky of softened blue that arched to meet them. Over all the light of Heaven itself. Oh! most blessed light of Heaven.

He saw! 'Twas life regained; for surely in a day when all the pleasures were those of sight, of battle and the chase and smiling eyes, blindness made a living death. Oh, God! what it was to grasp at his full manhood once again.

A song climbed up to him in the tower—a little broken song; he scarcely heard it ere it died away. And he leaned forth to it with a leaping heart.

The whole pleasaunce below, rimmed in grey walls, was all afloat with sunshine, a gentle sunshine that gave back to ragged rose briars and fading grasses a kindly counterfeit bloom.

And then a figure swam into his view, while Karadac caught at the cold lintels with each hand. Again his sight grew dim, she seemed far off. But as his swinging blood slowed by degrees, she was given to his eyes for the first time—living Algitha!

He could not see her face, but the long golden hair which fell around her and the tall symmetry of her shape lived in his memory. She stood beside the crenulated wall and seemed to gaze idly on the hillside, and all about her that waving wealth of gold. Now the wind would catch a tress and blow its edges into golden feathers against the light, or again a passing gust press it like a garment round her slender form.

Algitha was happy, he could read it in her movements. And he noted that she wore a rich dress of English broiery and gold-work; was it not to greet his eyes with? A well of promise was that down-bent head with its flowing gold.

Again she sang a broken line of song, a merry song of the season when winter touches hands with spring. Tears rose painfully to the man's eyes. Algitha was glad because new hope was come to him!

And then the radiant vision moved, like a child in an hour of aimless happiness, about the pleasaunce. A light veil such as Norman ladies were wont to wear floated about her and clouded her fair face, but Karadac saw the jewelled hands white as God's snow—oh, blest hands and beautiful, that he had kissed and worshipped in his darkness!

Never had Algitha looked more fair than on that day, and presently, as Heaven would have it, a wood-pigeon flew by her with shrill wing, passing close, then soared high above the tower whence the Count watched. Algitha stopped and turned her face to follow its swift flight. The snowy throat, blue eyes upraised, and flushing cheeks pierced him with their beauty, but above all in that keen moment he adored the red lips parted in a smile of tender joy.

Algitha saw not him, but the bird only, while he murmured, "My wife! O thou good God!"

A winded horn upon the hills broke up the moment. Algitha turned away to look at hunters issuing from the wood upon the opposing ridge. Goyault had ridden with them, and, rejoicing at his return, she left the pleasaunce, for she would meet him on the causeway as he climbed.

"She comes to me!" The Count had long forgotten all save that he must meet her, surprise her as she came.

His chamber opened on a winding stair, whence a door led to the causeway. Here was a flat corner space with two wide steps cut in the living rock.

Karadac, withdrawn into the shadow of the door, waited for her—his wife! Oh, the long dreams, and here was now fulfilment! Face to face at last, slaking the thirst of half a lifetime in those sunny eyes.

A light footstep and a note of song. Karadac stepped back to watch her as she came.

Slowly she stepped downwards, now poised upon a stone, now gazing out upon the spreading sea. Radiant as a vision, with blue eyes alight and the wind's blush upon her face.

The Count waited, filled with wonder and a madness of delight.

Nearer she drew and nearer, all unconscious of his eyes. Nearer and more beautiful!

She was come at last! And he leaped out and caught her in his longing arms, and held her close, drowned in a sea of love.

"Algitha, my Algitha!" his lips were on her hair.

Holding her in the hollow of one arm, he raised her face.

Algitha? blanched white and gazing up at him with blue eyes wide in a fixed stare of horror, her tense hands pressed against his breast in wild resistance.

Thus they stood a full moment long.

And thus Gundred came upon them. Leaning against the angle of the wall, her rich robes trailed about her, she read the consummation of her tragedy, and theirs.

CHAPTER II.

GUNDRED.

ALGITHA broke from him and fled down the causeway, crying on Goyault.

Goyault?—the name echoed like a madness in the Count's ears. Algitha, his wife, all warm white and living gold, a fugitive from his arms and calling on Goyault! A thousand wild old tales of love and treachery flooded upon him in that instant's space.

"Hasten, my lord Count, they will escape for France!"

He knew not who spoke, but yet he lingered stunned.

And the while Algitha ran on through the courtyard and under the raised portcullis to the outer gate, which at the moment stood open wide for the hunters' coming.

First of the horsemen on the slope of hill rode Goyault, spurring forward when he saw that flying figure run from the dark castle mouth to meet him. For this he knew must be a presage that the worst was come.

"He sees, he sees!" she shrieked, and caught at his hand; "his great black eyes are open, and he sees!"

"The Count?"

"Aye, and there is death within them! Let us fly, Goyault. Oh, take me where nevermore he can look upon me in fierce love!"

"Christ's curse upon him!" Goyault was aflame. "Give me your hand!" and so swung her on his saddlebow and wheeled his horse, scattering those behind him as he galloped down the slippery dips of sward, heading for the bay.

"We will win yet for France—the boats lie ready," he said, for Algitha, shaken with a host of superstitious fears, was sobbing on his breast. "Where did he find you, Algitha?"

"He leapt out upon me as I came to meet you, and caught me in his arms and kissed me. Hasten, Goyault, for if we see his face again, we die!"

"Kissed you in his arms? A hundred blasting plagues seize on him!"

A kiss had broken long years' friendship and kindled long years' hate.

Trumpets rang out upon the battlements, and a great shouting. For when the men-at-arms loitering in the courtyard saw their lord stride down amongst them as of old, with eyes afire and voice as ringing in its stark commands, they burst forth, giving tongue like joyous hounds. It was naught to them how he had grasped his lost powers and his leadership again, or broken from the thrall imposed by Gundred and her crafty counsellor. What of all such things, since they had refound their captain?

So they shouted, and the shouting came even to Goyault where his horse with its double burden slid and stumbled down the bents towards the shore.

Pity was all thrust out of the young knight's heart, and Karadac appeared no more the blind Count to whom he owed a vast allegiance, but a rival snatching at his heel to overthrow him. Oh, that he could ride back and fling him a challenge to the death! But Algitha clung about him. No, she must be saved! Out of his own hot hate he judged of Karadac, and spurred on. At right angles, streaming over the rugged cliffs below the curtain wall of the Castle, he could see already lines of men-at-arms clambering down to intercept him by the water-side.

Goyault had sailed the narrow seas, and he saw by the ripples on the bay that the wind was fair, blowing from the heights of Faldouet, so struggled onwards, curbing his horse with skill.

"If we can win the boat," he muttered, and then: "Cheer thee, sweetheart, we must escape!"

Now there was in Karadac's following one Mauger, a short, bow-legged, hairy fighter, dull of heart and brain, slow of all speech, but strong and swift as a forest wolf. This man led the party by a furlong, bellowing as he ran. The distance between him and the shore was but a third of that which Goyault had to cover, but Goyault so urged his charger, a high and thorny-tempered beast, that they came upon the sands together.

"Back, hog, why should I slaughter you!" cried Goyault.

But Mauger slung out his weapon and bellowed but the louder, and surged on.

"Algitha, clasp tight your arms about me, and fear naught," said Goyault, and rode down upon his foe, his hunter's spear in charge.

Mauger waited for him, dropping on his knee, and, as the horse swerved, lunged with an uncouth word. But horse and rider, used to each other on many a long-fought field, leaped beyond the stroke, yet turned within a foot space, and while the

hot taunt lingered on Mauger's lips Goyault's spear struck him between the eyes.

So Mauger died before he fell.

But now Goyault knew it was too late to win the boats, for others crowding down upon the beach cut him off from all escape by sea.

Seeing this, he called aloud to those of his immediate following who were near at hand to hinder the pursuers, and so turned his rein along the yellow sands of Grouville.

The clash and clamour of the fighting died behind them as they rode. The south wind wafted its soft breath across their faces, and the level lights of evening spoke of peace, but in the breast of Goyault was fury and red rage. For sake of safety he must leave the track beside the shore, but on the one side the broken forest ravaged by the sea showed openings only where the trees stood deep in swamp, or estuaries crept through treacherous ground and under slanted trunks whose roots were rotting in the brine. On the left the distant sea, too far for hope, beyond long miles of flats, half sand and half morass.

Goyault pressed on, and Algitha, clinging to him, watched the red pools and slimy beds of sea-grass sliding by. Here lay a great tree-stem prone, with living mosses on its stilted root, but its branches dipped from sight, sucked down beneath the hungry sand. And some were overgrown with ocean weeds and some grey-scabbled with limpets. She had heard tales of the mighty forest once fringing Gouray's coasts and stretching to the mainland, that in some horrible tempest of the past had sunk to meet the sea.

Again a shouting rose, but a bend of woodland hid them for the moment from all view, and Goyault, seeing a little stream that wound away into a depth of tumbled thicket, veered from the track and rode along its shallows, pushing on and up to where a rising cliff cloaked with a growth of forest stopped escape. What matter? It was possible that they had found a hiding-place where they might lie until the heat of Karadac's pursuit had died away.

Strained heart to heart, they two listened as the outcry grew, then faded in the distance. Love reigned between them in that hour, the mutual love that welcomes danger which only draws two closer in its bonds. Algitha's lips sought Goyault's as she whispered tremulously:

"I think he seeks to slay you, love of mine! Where shall we find a refuge?"

"Let me but win into my own Castle of Groz-Nez!—who shall touch you there? And I will send out a swift boat to Jean of Jobourg; he will defend my cause and yours before the Duke," answered Goyault. "Let us rest here awhile; we cannot leave our shelter until night has fallen. But oh, dear heart, this seems a sad forthcoming of our love! How may you bear the hardships of a siege? Karadac will hold us strait within Gros-Nez unless our boats can succour us, but I half misdoubt they all lie captive in the Bay of Gouray, for the Count's wrath is deadly swift and deadly sure."

But Algitha comforted him.

"What matters it so long as we two are together, Goyault? Be cheered: I fear nothing in your arms. Do you remember how we met in Grenezay, and loved, and wed, though your black Count would fain have had it otherwise? Do you remember how you climbed up to my window that sweet night when first we kissed? Who can take those memories from us? Not even your great Karadac! Is he so great? I would not believe so, since here is one weak woman he could not win to love him!"

So Goyault smiled through his dark mood, and held his arms about her tenderly, and swore that never man before had such a wife, brave, sweet, and beautiful, as was his Algitha.

So they abode hidden within their forest covert, happy enough, God wot! and hopeful, for love can colour all things through the eyes which look upon them, until the early autumn darkness stole on and found them in their hiding-place.

Then Goyault lifted his wife upon his charger and so led him by the bridle, following trackless ways towards the hills. There he mounted and rode on with caution through the night. So they passed in safety until the dawn peaked pale and blue over a hill top as if to watch on their escape, a sly false dawn, that peered upon them and faded back to dusk again. A chill mist fell after, but Algitha, although the passing light had shown her pallid as the dawn itself, still wore her gayest humour and feigned to be untired.

"The way is long, dear wife, and I must make it longer fetching a compass by the south," he said.

"So would I have it," she replied; "do we not ride together?"

"It is toward the north that Karadac will set his chiefest watch to intercept us. So will we approach Gros-Nez by way of Saint Ouen's, where amongst the wild sand-hills and the dunes men may wander and so lose themselves, for each is like the other. Look about us as we climb the hollow."

It was a land of desolations; no trees and scarce a bush, naught but the rounded peaks of small smooth hills, and out of sight the thunder of the surf on a long beach of sand.

Still they wound on, now in, now out, till Alghitha spoke a half question.

"Aye, Alghitha, I know them every one almost as well as I know the tints of rose and snow on thy dear face," he answered, laughing.

So they reached a sheltered opening in the dunes, and beneath them the great pool of Saint Ouen stirring in the dawn wind, a great, wild, grey-eyed pool, bushed with coarse reeds and not yet smitten by the eastern lights.

As they stood a moment, from the rough bent at their feet something moved towards them, crawling like a beast upon the ground.

Neither saw it till a shaggy head rose up beside the bridle rein, and Goyault's quick hand was stayed upon his spear.

"Gilles?"

"Aye, seigneur, I waited here, knowing the path that you would choose, for one came to warn us at Gros-Nez four hours past. Come, let us go, for it is said that the great Count with all his following has started forth to lay siege upon the Castle."

Goyault rode on through the green cups of the downs. He longed to hear the clanging of his own gates fallen to behind him and his wife. Yet he wondered how it would feel to be besieged, for he had always been besieger. A little while he would abide with Alghitha on those high battlements, thereafter picturing to himself the night sally and the free sail set for Normandy. Strong life, hot blood, and love within his arms!

But as they came upon the open moorland by Gros-Nez, they saw the hollows whitened as though some monstrous flight of gulls had pitched upon their barrenness.

Goyault looked.

"Karadac's camp," he groaned; "how may we enter now?"

On the farther side Gros-Nez rose black, cold, high, fantastic, against a cavernous sea of sunless deep blue; and as the fugitives stood awhile in parley, a woman rode out from the forest depths alone. It was Gundred, veiled and forlornly weary, leaning on her palfrey's neck.

Cold, black, high, fantastic as some giant's dwelling in a dream, so the Castle seemed to Gundred also. Below it by his tent the Count's banner was a-flutter in the breeze. All the

west yawned darkly blue, mysterious; it might have been an hour of forces not of earth, a moving of old-world noises from the deepest caverns of the cliffs.

Dim and vast and dreamlike, so lay the scene, and Gundred felt its power. Under a peaked pavilion Karadac lay sleeping, or, more like, awake and brooding over the strange treachery of one he deemed his wife—for none had dared to face his cold, black anger with the truth. Therefore Gundred urged her horse across the thick grasses, and slipped from it where a sentinel stood out across her path.

"Lead me to the Count," she faltered.

The fellow scowled.

"Ay, if it be his will," he answered, roughly.

But one came and led her straightway to the tent.

Karadac stood gaunt within, a rushlight flickering on his face. Dark and drawn he looked—sorrow's son, begot of wrath in some supremest hour.

"What would you, lady?" he said, gently.

Gundred found no speech to tell him. Where could she begin a tale so wildly infamous?

"Lady, speak on. You, I think, were once my friend." He spoke again in a low voice. "Would you plead for them?"

She clasped her hands together in a desperate travail to bring forth words. Never in all his life had Karadac looked so kindly on her. His sorrow stirred him to strange memories. He bent forward.

"Lady, I do bethink me of a day long past. Will you forgive?"

But Gundred flung herself upon her knees, and, stretching forth her hands, she cried:

"Forgive! forgive! Is there forgiveness upon earth? Karadac, Alghitha is not your wife—you have been deceived!"

His dumb gaze was upon her, and as if by some command she drew herself upwards to her feet, meeting his eyes, yet drawing back, her hand upon her breast.

Those soft, full tones, the dear and haunting cadence of that speech! Karadac stared upon her as one might gaze upon the risen dead. Then a word, full of all meaning, of all woe and all reproach since the world began, fell from him.

"You?"

(To be continued.)

THE ART OF TIMBER HAULING.

IN a beautifully-illustrated work, entitled "All About Animals" (Newnes and Co.), published some two years ago, there appeared a series of photographs of the Burmese elephants at work in the teak yards. There the elephant is the "leading hand," and though he works under supervision, he hauls, pushes, and piles the logs without help from machinery. In our woods and plantations the hauling and

transport of oak trunks little less heavy than the teak is done by the joint work of horses and simple machinery. It is no disparagement to the elephant's intelligence to say that these haulier-horses are almost as clever. They work by word of mouth, starting, turning, and stopping as they are told. They know when to pull hard, when to pull steady, when to take a run at full pressure, and when to stop short. Such trained horses command a high price. To watch two of them at work with a single man getting timber on to a "drug"—the heavy four-wheeled trolley used for the lighter trunks—is a most interesting lesson in simple mechanics.

The very heavy logs are transported in a different way. They are slung under the wheels, not carried on the vehicle. To "lie like a log" is the common phrase for helpless immobility. How, for instance, would the reader, provided with two horses and about 40yds. of chain with one or two hooks on it, propose to get the great elm trunk shown in the first of our illustrations out of the steep river-side wood where it lies? If he had professional advice he would set to work as follows: First the log would be raised by rough levers and wedges just sufficiently to pass the chain under the middle. It would be wound round many times, just as the string is wound round a pegtop. One end of the chain would then be hooked to the tackle attached to the horses, and they,



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A ROLLING HOLD.

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at the word of command, would rush forward along the rough path, dragging the chain. This would *unwind*, but at the same time roll the log over and over, just in the same way that the unwinding string twists the pegtop and makes it spin. This neat dodge is called chain-rolling, and the men putting it round and round the trunk are said to be getting A ROLLING HOLD.

LIGHT LOGS are simply fastened to the horses with a hitch of the chain round them, and dragged endways out of the wood, as in No. 2. To transport the bulky and heavy logs on the roads another contrivance is used. This simple machine is called in England a "Jim," and in Scotland a "junker." So much surprise and chagrin has been caused by the ease and rapidity with which the "ignorant Boers" mount, dismount, and carry off their big guns, that a description of how three or four of our plain rustic woodmen pick up and carry something even more bulky than a Creusot 100-pounder, and weighing from one to two tons, may explain the marvel. The Jim is only a pair of wheels joined by an axle, from which a long pole projects like the trail of a gun-carriage, but the resemblance is only in appearance. The use of the projecting pole in the Jim is entirely different. Its working depends entirely on the shape of the axle joining the wheels. This is not a straight bar, but an arch, or bow, from the top of which the pole sticks out at right angles. When the log is to be picked up a chain is passed round its middle, just at the centre of gravity, so that if picked up it would hang nearly balanced, but with a slight "tip" towards the small end. The next move is to run the wheels and axle of the Jim over the log, so that the axle lies just over the centre where the chain is. The Jim is then tilted till the pole sticks upright in the air. To anyone standing behind, at the butt of the log, the axle then appears straight, but really the top of the arch or bow is towards him, and its height at the centre above the ground is only the same as that at the axles. To this the chain is fastened. Then another chain is attached to the top of the pole, which is pulled, like the handle of a lever, till it lies horizontally. The arch is then upright, and the log, which is attached to it, is lifted from the ground by a height equalling that of the arch in the axle. This need not be more than a few inches, as the log need only swing clear of the ground. Sometimes a horse is fastened to the chain to pull the pole down, and very pretty it is to see how good old Scot or Smiler understands what he is wanted to do, and pulls and stops just at the right moment.

No. 3 shows the men bearing down the Jim pole while the horses graze. But the wheels are sunk in the soft ground.



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LIGHT LOGS.

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and the log is evidently NOT CLEAR YET. The girth of the log is great, and the bowed axle, which from its narrowness is evidently an iron one, only just fits over it. No. 4 shows the trunk LIFTED AND UNDER WEIGH. The Jim pole is fastened to another pair of wheels or limber in front. The bend of the trunk just swings clear of the ground, the butt is behind, the "toe" (a very gouty one) hitched by a chain to the pole, and the whole concern is going across a meadow. The boy sitting on the shaft is in a most dangerous position. There are no springs, and a harder jolt than usual is likely to upset him just before the front wheels, with about two tons weight to follow on the back pair if the first does not kill him.

C. J. CORNISH.

IN THE GARDEN.

A NEW SPRUCE.

WE have received shoots of a most interesting new Spruce, the Cork Spruce (*Abies arizonica* var. *argentea*) from Herr H. Henkel, a nurseryman of Darmstadt. Although called a Spruce, this new Conifer is really a Silver Fir. It has recently been discovered by Mr. C. A. Purpus in Arizona, at altitudes of 8,000ft. to 11,000ft., and in a region where severe snowstorms occur as early in the season as October. There is every likelihood, therefore, that it will prove perfectly hardy in Britain. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this tree is its bark. This is of a creamy white or greyish colour, and of quite a corky nature. The plant begins to show its corky character when about 4ft. high, and of course it becomes more marked as the tree gets older and bigger.

Another beautiful feature of this Fir is its silvery foliage, which is said to surpass even that of *Picea pungens* glauca in beauty. The leaves are about 1½ in. long, and arranged in the ordinary Silver Fir fashion, i.e., in two crowded opposite rows. With regard to the identity and relationship of this *abies*, it appears to be a silver-leaved variety of the true *Abies lasiocarpa* (of Hooker), which is also known as *A. subalpina*. This is a rare kind in European pineta, the Fir commonly known in gardens as *A. lasiocarpa* (one of our most popular and ornamental conifers) being *A. lowiana*. This new tree should therefore be called *Abies lasiocarpa* var. *arizonica*.

SEASONABLE WORK.

Seed orders must be given in at once if not already attended to, and the half-hardy kinds sown under glass, but there is little gain in sowing the hardy ones until late March, April, or even May, because the soil is still very cold. At the time of writing it is freezing hard, and therefore all planting is stopped. In March, however, begin to plant Roses, and in fact all trees and shrubs, mulching them well afterwards, especially if the soil is light and the situation warm. Roses



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NOT CLEAR YET.

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must be pruned soon, but there is time yet for that work. The great point in planting, especially in the spring season, is to see that the plants are put in at once, not left about for keen winds to dry up the roots. This is so important that unless planting is finished off at once the things rarely recover from exposure. Of course, one can well understand why this is, as the roots are tender, and it is the young fibres that suffer. These are the life of the tree or shrub. The writer noticed lately a lot of trees exposed to the air; there was not a vestige of soil on their roots, and it will be surprising if half of them do not die, or, if not actually collapse, never get thoroughly established for many years. Writing of Roses reminds us how important it is to have plenty of the beautiful climbers. The following twelve are delightful for many purposes, rambling over old trees, palings, and similar positions: Reine Olga de Wurtemberg, light crimson; Claire Jacquier, nankeen; Aimée Vibert, white; Aglaia, yellow; Leuchstern, single pink; Crimson Rambler; The Garland, buff; Felicité Perpetue, white; Flora, pink; Psyche, flesh pink; Euphrosyne, pink; and Mme. Alfred Carriere, creamy white. These are all of vigorous growth, and produce bountiful masses of flowers.

A SPLENDID APPLE.

One of our best fruit growers sends a note about Apple Lane's Prince Albert, which is, unquestionably, one of the most valuable of the cooking varieties. "Although this useful fruit has been grown for nearly half a century, it still deserves special mention for its free fruiting and good cooking qualities. When dessert Apples are becoming short and the season is well advanced, good sound medium fruits of this variety are not at all bad for the dessert. No matter how grown—bush, standard, or pyramid—it rarely fails to bear, and what is so important to those who have only young trees, it fruits in a young state if the growth is not pruned too severely. It is not at all fastidious as to soils or situations, and fruits as freely in Northumberland as in Middlesex. This excellent Apple is not so well known as it deserves to be. I never remember it failing to bear fruit, and its good keeping qualities make it more valuable. At the same time, it is handsome for the table and of superior cooking qualities."

BERBERIS STENOPHYLLA.

Before the planting season is over, it may be worth while to remind any

is deciduous, of a light, pleasing green in summer, changing to a dull brownish-red on the approach of winter. The wood is of a reddish colour, strong and light, and of great durability, resisting the action of water for a long period. The var. pendulum, also known as *Glyptostrobus pendulus*, is a rather more tender plant than the type, and does not grow so large. The leaves are also longer, and the branches are at first erect, but gradually become pendulous. It is a handsome tree, but rather difficult to manage."

GALTONIA CANDICANS—A GOOD AUTUMN-FLOWERING BULB FOR MASSING.

We have few bulbous plants of more commanding presence in its season than the Cape Hyacinth, which gives us in autumn its noble spires of beautiful white flowers. Whether grown by itself or, better still, associated with other flowers or with shrubs, its wax-white bells, uplifted on a plant so imposing, compel universal admiration. It can hardly be used amiss, but it looks nowhere so fine as when rising from among some dark-leaved evergreen shrubs, its purity contrasting, yet without a glaring opposition, with the deep green of the shrubs. We have seen it well used, too, associated with the scarlet flowers of *Gladiolus brenchleyensis*, though in this case there was, if anything, too much bright colour and too little sense of repose. Not that this is always wanted, for there may be some positions where bright colour is essential. One could plan endless combinations in which *Galtonia candicans* might be delightfully employed, but those who know their gardens may have more pleasure in planning them for themselves. Uniformity in the association of plants in gardens is not to be advocated. It is one of the advantages possessed by *Galtonia candicans* that it does not require to be planted in autumn with other bulbs, but can be left until March if necessary, and this without the loss of the season's flowers, as it will bloom in autumn quite as well as if it had been planted the year before. Much as one prefers bulbs which can be left in the ground for years without lifting and replanting, the *Galtonia* is worth the trouble of annual removal in autumn and replanting in spring. This is not necessary everywhere; in many gardens it may be treated as a permanent occupant of the border or the shrubbery. We have found, however, that the experience in some gardens is that it cannot always be relied upon to stand the winter, and that its loss may not be discovered in time to enable one to plant new bulbs to bloom that year. In all places, therefore, where there is any chance of *Galtonia candicans* being lost in a hard winter, it will be well to

lift the bulbs when the foliage becomes yellow, or to cover the place where they are with a heavy mulch or shield of litter. This will often save them from destruction. The *Galtonia* likes a good deep soil, and seems to be all the better for the addition of a little peat to the compost. In some soils it increases fairly well from offsets, but in others they are not so freely produced. Those who have the requisite patience can, however, add to their stock by sowing seeds, the plants produced coming into flower in about four years, though a few may bloom the third year if well cared for. This species is universally admitted to be the best of the three known *Galtonias*, viz., that under notice, *Clavata*, and *Princeps*. We have no recollection of seeing *Clavata* offered in the shape of either bulbs or seeds, but a few years ago Mr. W. Thompson of Ipswich offered seeds of *Princeps*, with a characteristic statement that it was inferior to *candicans*. It has smaller flowers, which are rather greenish in colour, and is less desirable. We have not seen *Clavata*, but understand that it has greenish flowers, and is less hardy in its constitution. It is as well to remind some that the *Galtonias* are no longer named



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LIFTED AND UNDER WEIGH.

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who have still vacant places to fill of the beauty and usefulness of this hybrid Barberry. Raised many years ago in the well-known Handsworth Nurseries, near Sheffield, from *B. Darwinii* and *B. empetrifolia*, it has proved itself an infinitely better plant for gardens than either of its parents. It is, indeed, not only the best of the evergreen Barberries, but also one of the best of all evergreen flowering shrubs. It has a graceful, free growth, and although it forms ultimately a dense, interlacing, impenetrable mass of branches, out of this mass each year are thrust forth slender arching shoots several feet long, which give elegance to the plant, and which, the following spring, are wreathed from end to end with clusters of golden yellow flowers. A single plant will ultimately get to be about 8 ft. high and even more in diameter, but a quicker effect can be obtained by planting it in groups or massing it on a sloping bank than by using single plants. Its thick, dense habit and very dark green foliage render it an admirable screen or shelter plant. It roots readily from cuttings dibbled in sandy soil in a cold frame during the late summer. But it can be bought very cheaply; it has been offered for a pound or two per hundred for planting in game covers.

TAXODIUM DISTICHUM FOR SWAMPY GROUND (THE DECIDUOUS CYPRESS.)

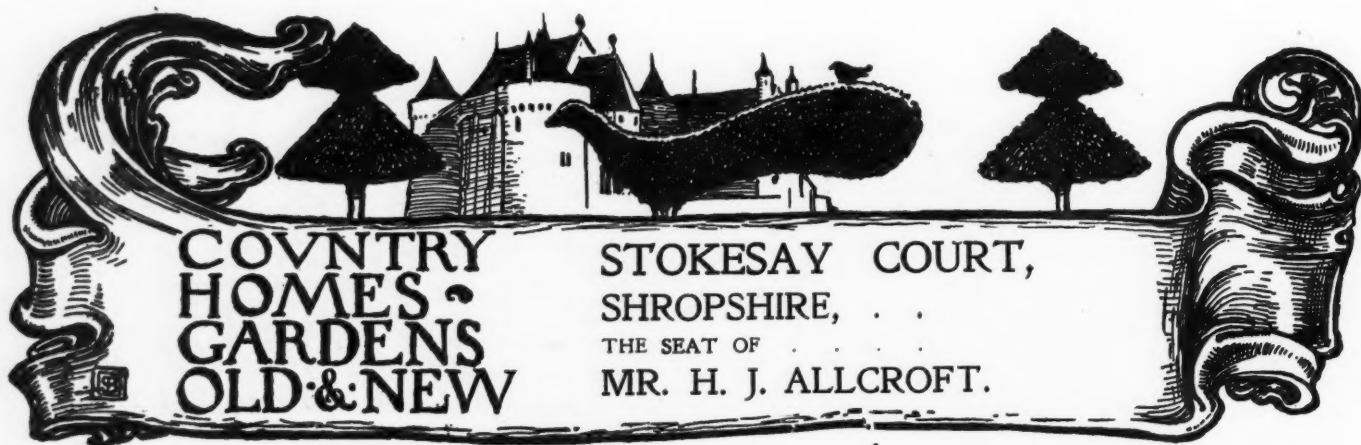
"L." writes: "Anyone possessing a swampy piece of ground cannot do better than plant it with this handsome tree, one of the very few that will thrive on wet land. In the southern parts of the United States, where it is indigenous, and reaches a height of 100 ft., it is never found very far from water, and more generally grows in swampy places, many of which are submerged during certain seasons of the year. In a young state, it is of a roughly pyramidal outline, but with age it forms a spreading top, losing many of its lower branches, and becomes not unlike the Cedar of Lebanon in general appearance. When it has attained a certain size, and under proper conditions, it begins to form what are commonly known as 'knees,' that is, parts of many of the main roots appear above ground and form protuberances which vary from 1 ft. to 4 ft. or more in height. In their native home many of these have been found to be hollow, and have been cut off and used for beehives or other purposes for which they have been found suitable. Various reasons have been given as the cause of the production of these 'knees,' probably the best of which is that they are in some way connected with the passage of air to the roots, and the consequent aëration of the soil they are growing in. The foliage

Hyacinthus, although frequently offered in catalogues by that name.

LACHENALIAS.

These graceful and beautiful flowers are making a brave show in several good gardens just now, amongst the best being Cawston Gem and Rector of Cawston. *Lachenalias*, it is pleasing to note, are receiving more attention than formerly, and no other early spring flower more amply repays good culture. *Lachenalias* very often receive rough and ready treatment after they have done flowering, some giving them too much water and others drying them off too quickly. The best way to treat them is to stand them in a light airy position in a greenhouse and keep the soil comfortably moist until the leaf begins to turn yellow, then gradually lessen the supply of water as the foliage falls off, when watering should cease. Treated thus, the bulbs swell to the normal size, which is not the case when water is suddenly withheld. The foot of a south or west wall is the best place for them during the summer months. The more thorough the baking the bulbs receive the better. *Lachenalias* are too often coddled in autumn, by being placed in too warm quarters as soon as repotted; hence weakly growth and small flowers. They should be potted just as they begin to grow—in August or September—in well-drained pots or pans in a compost of good fibrous loam three parts and one part well decomposed cow dung, leaf mould, and coarse sand, placing the bulbs an inch apart. Potting completed, stand them on ashes in a frame facing south, and expose them to all the air possible, tilting the lights over them, however, in wet weather. At the approach of frost remove them to a greenhouse, giving them a position near the glass and assisting them occasionally with weak liquid manure. *L. Nelsoni* is probably the best of the yellow kinds, producing extra long spikes of rich golden yellow flowers. Cawston Gem and Rector of Cawston are two handsome varieties, and the old kind, *L. tricolor*, is still worthy of cultivation. *L. pendula* has rich crimson flowers, tipped with green, and is the earliest to flower.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—Seeds, Trees, and General Nursery Stock: Messrs. Austin and McAslan, 89, Mitchell Street, Glasgow. Farm Seeds and Manures: Messrs. Webb and Sons, Wordsley, Stourbridge. Seeds: Messrs. J. M. Thornburn and Co., 36, Courtlandt Street, New York.



THE very distinguished house of Stokesay Court, with its picturesque grouping of Jacobean gables, chimneys, and balustrades, in varied architecture and character, its stately aspect, and its glorious gardens, well deserves to rank among the most delightful mansions of Shropshire. It is one of those

houses that fill the eye and the mind with satisfaction, in which, without any straining after magnificence, are embodied all the charms that most Englishmen, if they could, would like to have in mansions of their own. The region is rich in examples of splendid domestic architecture, and of places stored with historic

interest. They leap to the mind—Acton Burnell, Clun, and Ludlow, to name no more among the castles; Boscobel, Patshull, Pitchford, and a score of others among the quaint and beautiful dwellings of the older Englishmen. Few counties, moreover, possess such wealthy territorial properties, and many among their owners have lived for generations on their ancestral acres. These long-lineaged gentlemen dwell in goodly places, fair to look upon indeed, and their homes are notable examples of the taste and judgment of their sires. Stokesay itself will ever claim the admiration of the architect, because the mansion we depict has for its neighbour that extremely interesting relic of domestic and military architecture—well preserved, but no longer inhabited—Stokesay Castle, which is one of the finest examples among the thirteenth century castellated mansions now existing in England. The famous remain owes much to Mr. Allcroft of Stokesay Court, to whom it belongs, and who has stayed with careful hand and sound knowledge the ravaging steps of decay.

It would be unpardonable, in this visit to a supremely interesting district, not to say something of those who in ancient times possessed Stokesay, and a little about its noble castellated remain. As Camden says: "Shropshire is replenished with castles standing thicke on every side, by reason it was a frontier country in regard of repelling the Welshmen in the marches bordering thereupon." Such was the origin of Stokesay Castle.

In Domesday we read that Roger de Laci held the Shropshire Stoke, and there had seven hides geldable, with arable land sufficing for fourteen ox teams; and, in demesne, five teams, and sixteen among the male and female serfs. He had also twenty villeins with eight teams, and nine female cottars; while his mill yielded nine quarters of wheat



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FROM THE BRIDGE IN THE LOWER GROUNDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—STOKESAY COURT: FROM THE SOUTH.

“COUNTRY LIFE.”

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yearly; and he had a miller, and a keeper of bees also. In such wise was the agriculture of Stoke when the Normans were kings. But the place in the next century had passed from De Laci and was in the hands of Helias de Say, whose family held it long enough to confer upon it the name of Stoke Say, or as we write it Stokesay, in order to distinguish it from half a hundred Stokes besides. Before the year 1255, Hugh de Say exchanged Stoke with John de Verdon for land in Ireland, this John, who married Margery de Say, being a fighter of the marches and a crusader as well. Before the end of that century we find John de Ludlow holding the place by the service of a hen sparrowhawk yearly, whose son Lawrence, in 1291, received licence to fortify or crenellate with a wall of lime or stone his mansion at Stokesay. The Ludlows held the place until 1497, when it passed with one of their daughters to Thomas, son of Sir Richard Vernon of Haddon, but the Vernons sold the place to the Mainwarings, and at length the old castle passed by sale to Dame Elizabeth Craven, widow of Sir William Craven, who, by a pious

scribe, was described as a "high topt cedar of Lebanon, a chief magistrate of the City of London, and a pious professor of Christ's veretie." During the Civil War the castle was garrisoned by Sir Samuel Baldwyn for the King, and stood a siege, and the Baldwyns continued to live there until 1727.

After that time Stokesay Castle—a grand structure, entirely surrounded by a moat, with a fine half-timbered gatehouse, a great hall of very early date, ranges of domestic buildings, and towers and turrets to add to its picturesqueness—fell into decay; but Mrs. Stackhouse Acton, a true lover of the county architecture, induced Lord Craven to repair the ravages of time, and the destructive effect of occupancy as a farm, and the good work, as already stated, has been taken up by Mr. Allcroft of Stokesay Court, the present possessor, who has thus preserved a splendid architectural remain.

If Stokesay Castle is a noble relic of mediæval military and domestic construction, Stokesay Court may well stand for us as a type of the houses of Jacobean days. We have so often depicted and suggested the character



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THE NORTH FRONT.

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A LANDSCAPE PICTURE IN THE PARK.

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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

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of these lovely dwelling places that we shall forego the pleasure of describing the house we illustrate. The noble south front, with its great and splendid many-windowed wall, its imposing bays, its excellent porch and oriel, and the charming effect of the balustrade and broken sky-line will impress every beholder. Singularly fine also is the hollow quadrangle of the north front, which possesses a certain severity in its imposing character. Indeed there can be no gainsaying the fact that we have here a very fine and complete architectural conception.

We, however, are now more concerned with the garden aspect of the mansion. Go, then, where we may, we shall scarcely find more effective ornamental terracing, and terracing so wholly appropriate to the house. How very attractive are the segmental steps that lead down from the upper level on the south side.

All is simple, but dignified, and every eye will seize the merit of this grand composition. How splendid, again, is the main terrace wall carried round from the west side, where lovely bays and gables overlook it, to the main front. The perforated parapet is analogous to that at Charlecote, and might well be an inspiration to the builder of modern houses. The descents are admirable in character, and are truly exquisite examples of the carrying of the spirit of the house into its surroundings. Great trees shadow the terrace and dignify the structure, while a wealth of fragrant flowers is there to shed fragrance and add colour to the scene. Clinging growths vest the terrace wall with a new charm, and mark the point where art and nature meet. Then by a lovely greensward we descend to the classic fountain, with its stone-edged basin, and admirable vases. Its style is not that of the house, but it has the unity of variety and adds picturesqueness, though itself designed in most simple style. Further still we descend on this side to the lower ground and the running water, where the landscape character reigns. There are fine ornamental trees hereabout, and flowering bushes, while sweetness fills the air, and Stokesay Court itself is the gem enframed amid its lofty neighbouring trees.

Turn we now to the north side of the house, where simplicity prevails. Here the imposing hollow square of the mansion, with its broad and effective entrance porch, is completed by a wholly charming balustraded wall and gateway, which thus form a forecourt at the approach. This is a perfectly satisfactory feature, and the masonry of the balustrade and gate-posts is as good as could be wished, while the gates and grille that hang between are admirable examples of the craftsman's skill.

These are features that truly belong to the garden, but as has been suggested, the grounds at Stokesay Court are not merely, nor, indeed, mostly architectural. Nature, adapted to the gardener's need, is seen in full beauty here. The grand trees are a charm of the region, and the flowering bushes are a delight throughout the place, while a whole realm of flowers has been created. If we seek garden picturesqueness, we find it in the rockery, where thousands of Alpine plants grow in perfection. Ingenious hands and excellent taste have worked here, and the result is as good as could be wished, while the outlook from the summer-house is superb. Indeed Stokesay Court, which lies



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some seven miles from Ludlow, is a place full of much architectural and true garden delight.

HOW TO KILL DRIVEN GAME.

IT has been proposed to make shooting more easy by purposely extending the length of the shot column in the direction between the bird and the gun muzzle. It has been suggested that this should be done by loading with two different sizes of shot, the argument being that the larger sizes retain their velocities better than the smaller ones, so that at 40yds. and over, there would be a very distinct gain in the length of the column of shot, the line of which the uninjured game has to pass before any of it has come up, or after all of it has passed the line of flight of the bird, where the two bisect. This is a great departure from the old days, when it was supposed to be a theoretical disadvantage for the shot to go up to the game in strings. Mr. Dougall, sen., in his book on shooting, had a diagram showing what he supposed was the order in which individual shot pellets arrived at their destination. This was of a slightly oval form, not representing with any degree of truth the real positions that the shot do take in relation to each other. But although the extension was not nearly enough, according to our present knowledge of the matter, he considered that it was essential to reduce it, so that the form of the shot as they arrived should represent what is seen on the whitewashed target—that is, be in shield form. The whitewashed target does not give much indication to the closest observer how the shot came up to it, and when two shots strike the whitewash within an inch of each other, there is nothing to indicate to the shooter that they may, nevertheless, have travelled through the air 12ft. apart—more or less. This is no longer regarded as a disadvantage; but, on the contrary, it is suggested to add to the length in the way proposed. If it were necessary to increase the length of the column I am not sure that this would be entirely the best manner of doing it, for it is generally believed, although it has never been proved, that there is a greater difference created by a slight increase of the powder charge. That this increases the diameter of the pattern, as seen upon the target, is very well known, and it is only natural to suppose that it also increases its length or distance between the fastest and slowest pellet.

In order to discover what difference in length of shot column and what alteration to the chances of hitting are necessary, we want, as bases to work



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upon, the pace a bird flies through the column or across its line of flight. We want also the difference over the distance between the first and last shot pellets; and, besides, we want to know the differences of times taken over 40yds. between No. 4 shot and any other that may be designed to use with it. As most of our game driving is very unsuitable for any shot of less size than No. 7, I will take that particular shot in order to show what would be the effect when it and No. 4 were used in conjunction. I do not propose to consider what would be the effect of mixing the two kinds and taking 10th from one bulk, as this is not what is contemplated, but the putting of a layer of one shot over the other first introduced into the cartridge-case and then wadding down tight without shaking. This is by no means a new idea, as such cartridges were sent to me for trial thirty years ago, when patterns and penetrations were usually taken together, and when the one, two, or three shot pellets that went furthest through a Pettitt pad of brown paper were registered as the penetration of the load, which, of course, they never were.

To Mr. Griffith, of Schultze powder fame, we owe nearly all the knowledge we possess of how far stringing of the shot extends for various range distances, and from his published data we find that at 40yds. the string of No. 6 shot has opened out to 12ft., and that the difference of time between the first and last pellets is, in round numbers, 1/10 of a second. If we take a game bird flying at sixty-six miles an hour, which is, again in round numbers, 100ft. per second, and if we say that it has to fly the width of the shot pattern (3ft.) besides its own length of body (1ft., say) after its head has entered the danger zone, it shows that the bird has to fly 4ft. before it clears the zone. The greatest certainty of killing is, of course, when all the shot comes up while the bird is flying this 4ft. As he is going 100ft. in a second, and the shot comes up in 1/20th of a second, it follows that he can do the 4ft. in slightly less time, or 1/25th of a second, so that for a bird going as fast as sixty-six miles an hour some of the shot would miss him that would have hit had he been going slower. Mr. Griffith also measured the flight of pheasants and made it about forty miles an hour, but this was done by birds just released, and it was done without wind, and as Sir Ralph Gallwey states the times of flight of teal against the wind at 120 miles an hour and over, and as we all know that pheasants do not fly against the wind, but alter their pace tremendously when subjected to its influences, 100 ft. per second seems a very moderate computation for average speed of game birds, all of which, except, perhaps, the black game, can make very great use of even a moderate breeze, use out of all proportion to the speed of the wind itself.

It may be said, then, that at anything less than sixty-six miles an hour for the game the length of the column of shot beyond 4ft., at 40yds. range, is an advantage to the gunner; but for any rates of speed above sixty-six miles an hour the bird can get through the column of shot before it has all come up, and therefore, although the length of column increases the chances of hitting, it reduces those of killing dead when you do hit.

But then practice steps in and modifies our theoretical views, for this reason: Driven birds are generally killed dead, and wounding is the exception rather than the rule, so that it is possible that an increased length of column of shot beyond the 4ft. would be an advantage.

In order to find this out, we have to discover how much increased inaccuracy of judgment of distance, ahead of the game, is allowable with any chance of hitting. To do this it is necessary to believe that the last single shot pellet on the side of the column of shot next the coming bird may kill him—that is, the bird just gets his head in the danger zone as the latest pellets pass. It is also necessary to assume that the first shot pellet next the stern of the bird may also bring him down without any other pellets striking him or cutting his line of flight while he remained in the danger zone. In order to get at the possibility of a kill by ill-judged allowance, therefore, we have to add the previously found

4ft. of flight (through the danger zone) to the distance the bird would go in the time the slowest pellets took to come up after the fastest—that is, how far he would go in 1/20th of a second. At 100 ft. per second this would represent, of course, 1/20th of the 100ft., or 5ft., so that the previous 4ft. of flight must be added to this 5ft. to make the extreme possible misjudgment of distance ahead of the bird which might result in a kill. This seems on paper quite enough for anybody, but practice again does not confirm theory, and I think ninety-nine out of a hundred misses at driven game could be traced to excess, beyond allowable, misjudgment of distance to aim in front.

Again I have to be thankful to Mr. Griffith for the experiments which enable a comparison between the times of flight, up to 40yds. range, of No. 4 and No. 7 shot pellets, and this was found by him to be 1/118 of a second. The distance the travelling bird would go in this time of one hundredth of a second would be 1ft., so that the extreme advantage, at the distance, of the longer column of shot would be represented by the ratio as 9ft. of possible inaccuracy of aim is to 10ft. I do not think anybody wants to shoot driven game at much further distances than 40yds., but if they do they cannot charge for two different distances, and the barrel they may want for 50yds. at one instant may be wanted for 30yds. in the next, so that the consideration of the case for 40yds. answers all practical requirements.

But perhaps the case is very different when we consider wildfowl and the chances of a wild goose or a snipe. Generally the wild goose does not come without warning, and there is time to change the cartridges.

Most often, too, the snipe does not offer a rocketing shot, but perhaps his quivering shot is equally difficult to judge distance for, especially when he adds his usual jerky flight to the quivering direction. The golden plover also is a bird which sometimes sweeps by at a speed which defies calculation, as also does the flying teal. For either of these three birds a very small-sized shot will do provided it hits. Perhaps it may be useful to see what the differences of permitted allowance might be at the wildfowler's distance of 60yds., when the two sizes of shot in the cartridge were 10z. of No. 1 and 1/2 z. of No. 10. Again, from Mr. Griffith's tables, I find that the No. 10 would take 1/438 of a second to reach 40yds., whereas the No. 1 would do the distance in 1/217 of a second—that is a difference, caused by size, between the first and the last pellets of 1/221 of a second (or, in round figures, one-fifth of a second), so that a bird flying, as before, 100ft. per second, would cover 22ft. during the time between the arrival of the first shot pellet and the last.

I have to return to Mr. Griffith's measurements to find how long the last of the column, at 60yds., would be in coming up to the distance after the first arrivals of shot pellets, when the load was all one size of shot. I find that the bird could travel 6ft. 8in. while this was going on. The lateral spread of the shot has, besides, increased from 3ft. to 4 1/2 ft., and these two figures, being added to the 1ft. length of the bird, make the possible inaccuracy of judgment in front, with a kill resulting, 12ft. 2in.; but this is with No. 6 shot entirely, and for the mixed load the previously found 22ft. has to be added to this, making, all told, 34ft. roughly, that a shooter might be out in his calculations of allowance, and yet kill his game. I say *might* advisedly, because a bird, travelling at the rate indicated, would get through the danger zone so much quicker than the shot could all come up to his line of flight, so that the effect would be equal to only a very small proportion of the pellets reaching the whitewashed target at all. On the other hand, provided the bird was going slower, the chances of hitting with a bad aim would be increased, as above indicated, and those of striking with many shot pellets as before would not be materially reduced. This is always assuming that No. 10 shot is big enough for the kind of game shot at. Incidentally this shows a difference for correct allowance in front of 22ft. at 60yds. range as between No. 1 and No. 10 shot.

ARGUS OLIVE.



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STOKESAY COURT: THE TERRACE STEPS.

"C.L."

. . . BONFIRES. . .

"Now every little garden holds a haze
That tel's of longer nights and shorter days;
Handfuls of weeds and outcast garden-folk
Yield up their lives and pass away in smoke."

THE wide world may perhaps contain one or two people for whom fire, especially a bonfire, has no fascination, but they are few. So far, I have never yet met with one, nor do I wish to do so, for such a person must be a freak. It is out of the sphere of nature to feel one's blood unstirred by a great, big blaze, the crackling of swiftly igniting wood, and the rising of the red-bright flames. The love of a bonfire is a taste we share with sages, children, and savages—a relic of the wild joy primitive man must have felt when first he found out how to make it. The triumph over difficulties, the genial warmth, the excitement that makes one inclined to echo the cry, "Aha! I have seen the fire"—these are the sensations that thrill us as they thrilled our ancestors thousands of years ago. They are a part of our nature, bequeathed to us since the time when fire was such a precious thing, so difficult to make, so hard to keep. Even in the days of our great grandfathers and grandmothers the getting up of a fire was not quite the simple thing it is nowadays. It is one thing to "strike the light Lucifer" of modern times, but it was quite another to struggle, as they had to do, with treacherous tinder and fickle flint. In the gardening world the element we see the least of is certainly fire. With the other three, earth, air, and water, we are far more familiar, both in garden, orchard, and woodland, unless, indeed, we include as one of our own belongings the biggest bonfire of all which beams upon us from above.

In gardening it is only now and then we have occasion to call fire to our aid, but when we do so, how magic is its handiwork. Only because we are so accustomed to it do we fail to realise its wonder. The rich "sea-change" of deeps "full fathom five," may give us pearl and coral, in exchange for bones (or Ariel says so), but what is that compared with the changes fire can bring about? Sea-changes are suffered slowly; fire-changes are swift as they are strong.

Obedient to a wizard-like alchemy, which we practise without understanding, the dead and done-for things that cumber the ground and the common rubbish nobody wants vanish into thin air, transmuted before our very eyes into what is pure and precious, changed through flame into that which is almost worth its weight in gold. This sounds like a marvel worthy of the magi, but it is only what our bonfires do in the everyday life of gardens.

All through the late autumn and early winter months it is amusing to read in the gardening magazines the sheets and columns of good advice that is showered upon us amateur gardeners by our more experienced instructors. There seems so much to be said as to what we ought to do with our garden *débris*. In the matter of dead leaves alone, the amount of ways in which we may dispose of them is endless. One tells us to stack them, cover with cinders, soot, or lime, and turn at intervals. Another wraps his hot-bed in them, a third counsels us to spread them about our shrubberies, among the evergreens and deciduous trees.

This is a method that pleases us very much; it seems so natural. We do the same thing with the wilder borders, where the withered leaves look all kinds of pretty colours against the dark earth. Especially pretty are the brown and yellow shades among and underneath the hardy ferns still as green as in July, though glad perhaps of an extra blanket round their feet. The gardener will come presently among the shrubberies with his spade and the dead leaves will be what he calls "digged" in. Such a comfortable expression that; I do love the gardener's vocabulary.

No one then has any excuse for making a bonfire of his dead leaves; but there is plenty left to burn. Dead wood, weeds, cabbage stalks, and lastly, sad to say, the done-with bedding-out plants that nobody will take, even if implored to do so; all these make fine food for bonfires. There is never any lack of fuel for the garden fire these shortening days, however high the price of coal. Merrily burns the pile, but, as the French say, there is always *l'autre côté*. Who amongst us has not known what it is to recognise with a pang some old favourite upon the garden burnheap among the "leaves of dandelions deeply notched, and thistle's purple plumes unwatched of any eyes that loved them yesterday"? There they lie, poor things, looking sad enough; clumps of blue and white lobelia, for instance, or pathetic pieces of pink, white, and scarlet geranium. And who amongst us has never been foolish enough to gather a posy or two from among the castaways, taking them out of the crisp autumn air into the warm house, where, for a little space, they will bloom again into scent and

beauty? Alas! many of their brothers and sisters will be smouldering the while.

"The small fires whimper softly as they burn,
They murmur at the hand that will not turn
Back on the di'l, and l'ring to them again
June's turquoise skies and April's diamond rain."

Those who notice little things may have observed how much handier some gardeners are at fire-making than others. Some will work wonders with one wax vesta and a *Daily Mail*. Another demands packets of Bryant and Mays—the largest size, to say nothing in the way of paper—of a whole *Times*, several *Globes*, and a *World*. Our present gardener is as invaluable as a Vestal Virgin. His bonfires are always a success, and never get into other people's way or on their nerves. I sometimes wonder how it is they never smoke, or if they do smoke, why it is we never know it. On asking him the other day to explain the mystery, he answered, with a twinkle in his eye, "It is because I always know which way the wind blows."

Have others ever noticed what a weird effect there is about a blazing bonfire on a very bright and sunny day? The sunflames come to us, through so many veils and wrappings of gossamer, that we forget how much they and the earth flames are akin. We see the quivering of the hot air, so hard to paint, so seldom visible, and the strange lurid hue of the rising tongues of fire, quite different in colour from the flames of night and darkness. The curfew time seems fittest for the fires we human creatures make (though our forefathers did not share this view), and not the radiant hours of noon. When one comes to think of it, indeed, most very large fires of the daytime have something terrible about them, and unconsciously one feels this and realises it.

It is pleasanter to remember the bonfires of our childhood. How I pity the grown-up people who have no such memories to recall. The red-letter days of our winter holidays when we knew there was going to be one, the smoke (it might be blinding, but there were genii in it), the crackling flames, the dying down, and then the fierce rekindling when some dry rubbish fed the fire afresh, and then the smouldering ashes, the roasted apples and potatoes and the chestnuts tasting of the fire. These things made up a halcyon time for boys and girls; but best of all blazed the bonfire when the short winter afternoon had darkened, and the low red sun was setting in the West. That was the signal for the sparks to be sent flying and the flames to flare their fiercest; for the lighting of torches, and a half-frightened scamper round the darkest depths of the garden. Then would come the faint light of the stars, Orion climbing slowly up the sky, behind the chimney-stacks, and the summer constellations looking so odd and unfamiliar in the upsidedownness of their ways in winter. But the star-shine would mean it was time for the bonfire to die down. The play is over.

Long after, when such merry groups are scattered far and wide, some to watch the native Indian "boys," each one busy with his own little wood fire between the stones to cook his rice, or others, maybe, camping out where the friendly ant-hills of Africa shelter the flickering flames, the memory of the old home bonfires will be sweet, and there will be kind and tender thoughts of merry, misty England, where in the wintry days the weed-fires and bonfires are burning.

F. A. B.

WILD GOATS IN WALES.

MR. LIONEL EDWARDS, whose striking picture, drawn from the life, is the peg upon which these scattered observations are hung, accompanies it with a few notes concerning the habits of the animals depicted, for which grateful thanks are offered by him to whom is allotted the task of writing about them. And first of the scene. It is not in the Himalayas, or the Caucasus, or in the Rocky Mountains—where the goat is always white—that these "Billies" and "Nannies" are seeking their scanty sustenance and, true to their nature, are destroying the only semblance of a bush within their reach. The range of snowclad hills on which they are seen is the Moelwyns, which are among the remote spurs of the Snowdon Range, and by no means innocent of tourists of the vulgar order, and the goats themselves are as wild as hawks, or at any rate as wild as goats can be; they are, in fact, the genuine article; and now they are assigned to the writer's pen because he happens to come of the ancient British race, and to speak the ancient British tongue—"many-vowelled, ear-afflicting" it was called by Bulwer Lytton—and he is assumed to know all about Welsh goats, and Welsh rarebits, and everything that is Welsh. This is a very sad example of the irony of fate, and it compels a confession of injustice done some thirty years ago, and persisted in triumphantly through ignorance. It so fell out that at the college *Beata Virginis Mariae, Winton prope Winton*, that is to say at Winchester in the early seventies, there appeared a boy not quite ignorant of the art of drawing the long bow, and of English birth, who asserted that his father was the proud possessor of a fine head of a wild Welsh goat which

had fallen to his rifle in Carnarvonshire, or in Merionethshire, or in Pembrokeshire; it matters not which. The writer laughed him to scorn, in perfect good faith; and since he was older by a year or two, and positive, and Welsh, and even in those days not altogether innocent of a love of natural history which passed the love of books, his statement that the father of the younger boy could not have shot a wild goat in Wales, since there were none there, was accepted, and the younger boy was regaled with kind allusions to his veracity, or alternatively to his father's prowess as a tame goat shooter, for weeks to come; until, indeed, some fresh butt for jeering tongues offered himself. Twenty years later the writer, grown older and less confident in his omniscience concerning the country of his birth, was lotus-eating one summer in Pembrokeshire, when he learned that on a certain mountain headland, looking very much like Mount Carmel in the pictures, and on the borders of Pembrokeshire and the "sweet shire of Cardigan," there was an undoubted herd of wild goats, and that permission to shoot one of them, or to try to shoot one, might possibly be obtained. He tried hard for that permission, but it was refused on the ground that the last time it had been granted the person to whom it had been given had fired often, and with a rifle of too small power—a rook rifle it was said—and had mauled the goats not a little, without regard to sex or age, but had brought back never a one.

This was Nemesis, the retribution of the Sunday-school story, in its most primitive form. He who in boyhood had denounced a truthful companion for mendacity, was denied the privilege of proving in manhood that he had himself been a confident and ignorant liar. But the certainty of the existence of the goats set him enquiring into the matter, and he ascertained that the South Wales herd, albeit not large, was of immemorial age, and he now learns from the notes of Mr. Edwards that there are other herds in the Moelwyns, and at Rhinogfawr, in Merionethshire, and that there used to be one that haunted the famous Tremadoc Rocks. Unfortunately the handy books of reference which happen to be within reach are of no assistance to him. The only goat mentioned in "The Encyclopædia of Sport" is the Rocky Mountain goat, which is not a goat but an antelope. Mr. Aflalo himself, in his "Natural History (Vertebrates) of the British Isles," says, "The palpably domesticated animals are easily reckoned with. The horse, ass, goat, sheep, dog, cat, hog, poultry, guinea-pig, and foreign cage-birds—these are ignored in the following pages, as also the semi-domesticated remnant of our wild oxen." But the wild Welsh goats are far less domesticated than these last—indeed, not domesticated at all—and there is no doubt that they ought not to have been ignored. Again, Mr. Lydekker's little book on British mammals (Allen) is of no help in the matter; so we are driven back to Mr. Edwards, who has observed a good deal of outward markings and habits, and of interesting tradition concerning the Moelwyn herd.

Absolute purity can hardly be claimed for the herd. Some fresh blood it doubtless obtained from the estrays from the Irish herds which used to be driven, and Mr. Edwards thinks may still be driven, through Wales for sale. Warned by the experience of boyhood, the writer hesitates to question this last statement; but he

knows Wales better now, and never heard of the practice in recent times. At any rate, even if there be some blood of the similar Irish goats grafted upon the wild Welsh stock, it has still every whit as much claim to purity and wildness as the Chillingham cattle. Rough, shaggy, long horned, they are very shy, frequenting the most inaccessible parts of the mountains, and hard to see, save at such a time as that indicated in the picture, when stress of weather drives them to the lower slopes of the hills. Sometimes, Mr. Edwards says, the mountain farmers organise a goat-hunt, running the animals down with sheep-dogs, and then throwing a sack over their heads and dragging them into captivity; but it cannot be very good sport, and surely it is a pity to run the risk of exterminating so unique and peculiar a survival.

A FEBRUARY FOX.

At the bottom of the paddock beyond the lawn was a small wood. In it was an old gravel-pit, long disused, and here we made an artificial earth. The foxes were not long in taking up their abode in it. My brother and I, fired by the example of Waterton, had begged the spinney from my father as a sanctuary for birds and beasts. No gun was ever fired in it. The hounds, of course, were not excluded. Though but a narrow strip, it swarmed with life of all kinds. Rabbits were always plentiful with us, and there were rats in the



WILD GOATS LEAVING THE HILLS.

rickyard, so that the foxes had food in plenty. Young Bob, the keeper's son, our ally and guide in woodcraft, soon told us that there were cubs in the wood. He showed us an old tree, where, secure from detection as long as we remained quiet, we could watch the opening to the earth. A tree had fallen or been cut here, and through the gap the sun streamed at times. This sunlit space made an ideal playground for the cubs. We spent many an hour watching them, and it was there the idea first occurred to me—since so well worked out by Professor Lloyd Morgan and others—that play was the preparation for, and rehearsal of, the serious business of life, love, and hunting. Always the first to appear at the entrance to the earth was one cub larger and darker than the rest. He was ever the boldest in his play and the most active. Once when the old vixen brought back a large rat, half-maimed, and gave it to her cubs, the others hesitated when the fierce old rat showed its teeth; but the dark cub sprang in with a growl and finished off his prey. It so happened that there were no woods of any great extent very close to us, and our hounds did most of their cub-hunting in some larger coverts that were quite ten miles away. The vixen divided her litter after a time, and when hounds came, the vixen herself, the bold, dark cub, and one which we had always noted as the weakling of the family, were all that were found by them. The vixen went up a tree, as Bob informed us was her custom, but the dark cub whisked his brush and set his head boldly over the open. Two or three good runs he gave, until it became the custom, if we had had a poor day and were anywhere near the little wood, for us to go and draw for him. At last it seemed to dawn on him that when the earth was stopped trouble was impending, for he took to making himself scarce if his front door was closed against him. Often when Bob, or one of us, had seen him, and the faggots had been placed over the entrance to the earth, hounds sought him in vain. At last, one day when I was at the kennels, the old huntsman told me he had found the dark cub, and that after a capital run he had killed him. I rather doubted this, but as the fox did not reappear, and keen-eyed Bob had not seen him either, we came to the conclusion it must be true.

It was a fine February day, clear and soft, with just a touch of keenness in the air to remind us of the passing of winter, when I started to ride to a meet some ten miles away, and near to the big woods of which I have already written. Pleasantly the horse's hoofs squelched with steady rhythmic sound on the road, for I was hacking on, and we were going the orthodox six-mile-an-hour jog. I was a little late, and hounds were already in the wood when I reached the boundary fence. I could hear the cheer of the huntsman and the crack of the whips. I rode well under the fence, to be out of

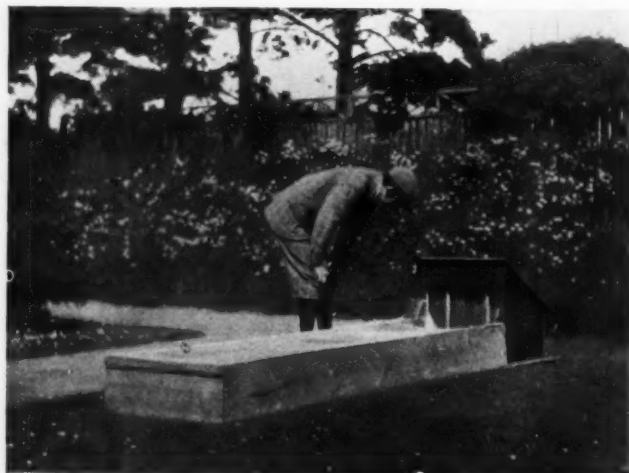
mischievous, when out slipped our dark fox, grown strong and active, and still larger than the average of foxes in our neighbourhood. He was not dead, then—far from it—but as bold, as gay, and as jaunty as ever. He whisked his tag, which always looked very white by contrast with his dark fur, and, after sitting up for a moment, stretched away easily in the direction from which I had come. He was going home, and if there was a scent we might have the run of the season. I waited a few moments, and felt sure hounds were running another line. So I galloped down the ride, and, as luck would have it, met the Master. He grasped the situation and blew his horn, and presently we had the satisfaction of hearing Jim's horn blown, and to see him come galloping up the ride with the bulk of the pack at his horse's heels and a whipper-in, for a wonder, where he ought to be. The air was now colder, and the sky was clouded a little when the hounds touched the line. The effect was like magic. What a scent there was! The leaders felt it, spoke, and raced away, and the rest whimpered as they recognised the glorious scent. Up went their heads, down went their sterno, and they were racing perfectly silent on the track of the fox. We made all the noise we could, but as usual many of the field were left behind, and they never had a chance. Never have I seen so straight a run. Our bold fox had for the most part run right across the middle of each field. Before we had gone far, Jim took advantage of this to hold hounds on across the roads, and once he lifted them over a notoriously bad scenting patch of soil. At the end of eight miles the hounds were still running on. Jim, the Master, myself, and two more were the only ones really with hounds; both whippers-in had disappeared. "Do'ee, Mr. Tom, now," said old Jim to me, "get forward to your earth; it aint stopped." So I dropped out of the run and reached the earth by short cuts. My duty was to go and sit on the entrance. Instead I pulled up and waited. Presently I saw the dark cub, his back arched, his brush down, plodding doggedly on. I hadn't the heart to betray my old friend. "Too late, sir, I suppose," said Jim when, five minutes later, the hounds were baying over the entrance. "He was further afore us than I thought. When old Rummager has his backles up I reckon the fox is not far ahead." Then a thought struck him. "Do'ee now, Mr. Tom, send Bob up to the house for that there new terrier of yours as you think so much on. It'd be the makin' of him to run him through this earth." But though I sympathised, I was obdurate, and the baffled huntsman trotted off, while I went to the stables to change my horse and direct Bob to put down a pan of clean water and a rabbit near the earth.

It was a great gallop, said our local hunting scribe, and only wanted blood to make it perfect.

MR TAME GROUSE.

WE were fired with the idea of rearing grouse by hand, partly because we were told we should not succeed, and partly on account of wonderful tales we had heard of an old hand-reared cock, who flew on to his master's shoulder every morning and crowed him a greeting. This, I am bound to say, was not absolutely authentic, and we were hesitating over the trouble and probable disappointment, when we got into a delightful correspondence with a gamekeeper in the North of England, who reared grouse with the greatest ease close to his house, and found them the tamest pets possible. True, he lived on the moors, with abundance of heather, the indispensable food, all round him, and we were a good mile up hill, through a fir wood, from anything of the kind. But we were nothing daunted, and determined to see what could be done on an acre of rough grass-land outside the garden, and heather could easily be brought every day or two from the hill. Our correspondent most kindly sent us sheets of directions, excellently expressed, regarding food, and even a sample of grit to show us the large, rough kind of stuff necessary for young grouse.

We started full of hope, with eggs under the best-behaved and quietest hens to be found in the country. The sittings were all very late ones, and the three weeks of patient waiting were whiled away by the mild interest of a few broods of partridges hatching out. And then one thrilling morning some grouse eggs were chipped. Young birds, pheasants and partridges, are always left undisturbed for twenty-four hours in the sitting-box before



THE WIRE-COVERED RUN.

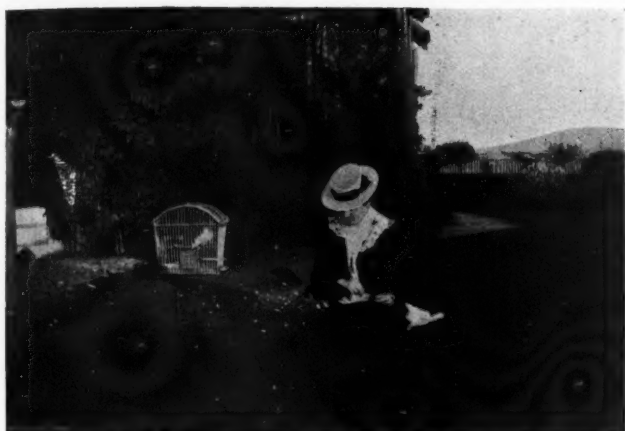


ON THE HEATHER.

being transferred with the hen to the coop. Perhaps young grouse object to this proceeding. At any rate, so active and enterprising were they that five of them managed, by the help of a little ledge inside the box, to jump through the air-holes, and were found dead with cold on the ground outside. This was a poor beginning! The remainder were put, with a small wire-covered run to the coop, on the rough grass, which had been mown short with a scythe. They seemed healthy enough at first, but whether the grass was too coarse and choked them, or what the cause was, we could not make out, but, any way, the speckled balls of fluff, all with one accord, persisted in departing this life.

Our spirits sank to zero. There were some more families still to hatch; but by now we were anything but sanguine, and had quite made up our minds to their going the way of the rest. The greatest care had been taken about the food, and fresh sods of heather had been constantly fetched from the hill; but we were doubtful about the rough grass, so determined this time to have the coops put on the lawn in front of the house. The fine grass might be better for the birds, and as they grew older they could wander off on to the rougher part adjoining. The change seemed to make all the difference. At a week old the families were rambling all over the lawn, tearing at the grass for the seeds, and apparently gobbling up tit-bits the whole day long. They are evidently the most voracious of birds, for, except when they occasionally sun themselves on the heather, they are for ever tugging and gobbling, till one wonders the lawn food is not exhausted long ago.

The grouse shared the lawn with two broods of partridges, all the coops being put as far apart as possible, for woebetide



MY TAMEST GROUSE.

the foolish bird who wanders to the wrong coop. Far from showing it any signs of hospitality, the old hen probably gives the intruder a deadly tap with her beak, and if you have ever allowed her to eat out of your hand you will understand what a remarkably powerful weapon it is. One peck is more than enough for a young bird.

The grouse were full of dash and enterprise, wandering all over the place, and searching in every flower-bed for a suitable spot for their beloved dust baths. I delight in watching the operation. The partridges simply squat in the dust-hole, fluffing themselves out and shaking their wings, but the grouse are much more thorough and business-like, and set to work in most deliberate fashion. First comes a general flutteration and dust flying, then each side is bathed in turn with a downward dive of one shoulder, exactly like a swimmer's side stroke, one leg frantically kicking in the air. Then much wing fluttering, and down goes the other shoulder and up goes the other leg, and this is repeated until you feel sure the bird will either be choked with dust or die of exhaustion.

But although most independent, the grouse are not half so pugnacious as the partridges. We were immensely entertained some time ago at the sight of one of the grouse, a thing five weeks old, being ignominiously hunted off the precincts of another coop by a baby partridge, about the size of a bumble bee, only two days out of the egg. I suppose there is no bird more aggressive and bold than the partridge, certainly none that I know of. There is a sort of true British "give in to no man" character about him, a most proper spirit, for which I have the greatest respect. Then Mrs. Partridge is such a domesticated lady, without doubt the best of all mothers. There is no careless strolling ahead or crossing of ditches, without even looking round to see how the family is negotiating them, like the heedless pheasant, but every straggler is waited and searched for and defended if need be. We reared several in the garden last year. They would eat out of our hands, but never got the length of flying on to one's shoulder like the mythical grouse. No doubt they are some of those which have nested close round the place this year and bring their families into the garden. One brood was encountered in the stable-yard, suddenly come upon round a corner. Such a to-do and flusteration was there, the young ones flying this way and that. One more foolish than the rest rushed into a corner between two buildings, and was just going to be caught when the frantic parent flew back to the rescue and with much fuss and beating of wings took its offspring away. It was probably the same old cock bird that had the audacity one morning to step down the bank from the rough grass land on to the lawn, rush at a coop of young partridges, and ferociously attack the hen between the bars. The attitude was too killing

for words—stiff neck bent back, head erect and darting beak, the embodiment of fury. I watched from my bedroom window, breathless with interest. No doubt the old partridge had designs on our treasured young ones, and would have led them off to augment his own family. So I thought it time to interfere, and, waving a towel out of the window to an accompaniment of shrieks, drove him off; but he did not seem the least alarmed, and retreated up the bank evidently with great reluctance, still stiff with rage, to rejoin his wife and family, whom we could see busily feeding. He has not been on the lawn again to our knowledge, but later on I fear our birds will join him.

The grouse are fed four times a day on barley and oatmeal mixed with eggs and canary and millet seed, a very small amount only being allowed each time. They are now four months old and as healthy as possible. They come to us under the verandah and eat out of our hands, and one morning one of them was discovered in the back-yard, which he could only have reached by going through the house. Since then they have taken occasional walks into the drawing-room. Millet seed is a wonderful attraction. I go out with a dish of it every morning. Up comes a confiding grouse, a particular friend of mine, and as I take a seat on the bank he cocks a brilliant eye at me, raises a bright sealing-wax-red eyebrow, as much as to say, "What have you got there for me?" and hops on to my knee. But no sooner does he begin tapping at the tin dish than there comes a hustling and scurrying from under the fir tree close by, and a dozen partridges tear across the lawn attracted by the well-known sound. They know that means millet. So up they rush in most indecent haste. The grouse retreats before the rabble with an injured air of dignity, and in a moment I have a lapful of partridges, pushing and struggling against each other to get at the seed. Never have I seen such gourmands with such naughty greedy manners. As fast as one is pushed down another jumps into its place, and the tapping is fast and furious until the dish is empty. The millet gets sprinkled over my knee in the struggles, and it is amusing to watch the birds below pecking and tugging at my skirt to make the seed run down.

But the autumn will soon be over, and I must leave my tame family for the winter, devoutly praying that, with the



FEEDING THE PARTRIDGES.

garden surrounded with weasel, rat, and cat traps, they may possibly, at all events most of them, escape their mortal foes. Next year we hope to rear many more, and even have blissful visions of the grouse nesting on a strip of heather we are having planted close by. That is a dream to carry us through the winter.

C. S.-M.

THE BUILDING BYE-LAWS.

IV.—FROM THE COTTAGER'S POINT OF VIEW.

AFTER having dealt with the restrictions imposed by the Building Bye-laws on the choice of material, it may be well to pause and ask before going on to another branch of the subject what is the effect of all this on the working man. That houses suitable to his needs are very scarce in the rural districts is a fact so notorious that it would be a waste of time and a weariness to our readers to dwell on it. Our correspondents have shown examples of the stringency of the bye-laws as preventing the building of good dwellings where the poor are in hovels. Other instances constantly crop up, one of the latest being described in a local newspaper, the *East Grinstead Observer*, kindly forwarded

by a correspondent. There is so great a demand for dwellings at East Grinstead that the Urban Council has itself adopted a scheme for providing them. Now the objections to that are many, though, of course, we can here take no account of such as are merely local, but on *prima facie* grounds a public body is ill-fitted to put up buildings cheaply. It has to pay for land, material, and labour at the highest rate, and cannot give the same personal attention or exercise the same economy as a private individual. This does not matter so much in the case of buildings constructed for the public service, a town hall, a market, a bath, for example; but it is vital in the provision of dwellings for the poor, since no house will be satisfactory to a labouring man unless he can have

it at a rent that comes within his means. If the estimate be correct that 7s. a week will be required to cover the cost of erecting the Grinstead houses the scheme is more or less of a failure. However, it was less to discuss it that we meant than to draw attention to the following statement in the newspaper: "A gentleman on his estate has several labourers' cottages which if situated in a town would be really termed villas. The lower story is constructed of brick, the upper of timber, with lath and plaster inside and weather-boarding outside; damp-proof, warm, comfortable, and exceedingly artistic in appearance. The cottages are some of the very best provided for estate hands in this neighbourhood, and the owner desires to put up several more of the same character. But the East Grinstead building bye-laws forbid him to do so, and rather than incur the several hundred pounds of extra expense which these bye-laws necessitate, he leaves the cottages unbuilt, and no one can blame him." Now, that is exactly what is occurring all over the country. There are people willing to put up houses at a moderate cost, but knowing that in no case may they hope to obtain a commercial return for capital when the bye-laws come in and force them either to give up the idea or incur a greater expenditure, they choose the former alternative. As a result the labourer is forced to live in a terrace house, which, in nineteen cases out of twenty, has no garden. The tenant, therefore, even if he has the good luck to obtain an allotment, is obliged to live at a distance from it, which means that it will be only half value to him.

Now let us look at one or two of the regulations that tell most against the building of good cottages. The first house illustrated is at East Dereham, in Norfolk. East Dereham has suffered greatly from the rural exodus. In May, 1899, the rector of Welborne wrote to Mr. Rider Haggard: "In 1881 there were fifty-six names on the school register, thirty-one boys and twenty-five girls. Of the fifty-six only two are left in the parish. All the boys are gone. In 1890 there were thirty-six names on the register; only eight of these are now living in the parish. At the present time (1899) there are only twenty-three names on the register." Yet, in this part of Norfolk, so few are the cottages that the Local Government Board a few years ago was reluctantly obliged to sanction the use of the workhouses as lodging-places for respectable people who had money but could find no other dwelling. Mr. Wilson Fox has described the accommodation as being "miserable." It is in such circumstances that the greatest possible facilities should be offered for building. But an objection is raised at once against what, for example, is the cheapest and most convenient material for roofing in an agricultural district,



Photo.

AT EAST DEREHAM—NORFOLK REEDS.

Frith and Co.

viz., thatch. There is a cast-iron bye-law to the effect that every roof shall be of "hard and incombustible" material. This comes as 52 of the Model Bye-laws. It was expressly designed, we are told, to prohibit the use of thatch, tarred felt, and kindred roofings, on the ground that thatch is liable to take fire, undergoes decomposition, and harbours insects and vermin. But it was evidently designed from a merely urban point of view. The danger from fire is very slight indeed when the house stands by itself, and when you have OLD THATCH, as in our second picture, and it is lichen and sodden with the rains of many seasons, its inflammability is very slight indeed. The talk about vermin, too, is grossly exaggerated. After all, the cleanliness of a cottage depends far more on the character of the occupant than on that of the roof, and there are few landlords who could not bear testimony to the perfect sanitary condition of the thatched tenement.

On the other side of the argument what a great deal can be said in favour of thatch! It is, first of all, a natural covering in a cereal district. The straw grows in the fields, and the cost of it may be described as nothing, that is to say, all the quantity required never would be missed from a farm of ordinary size. It is true wheat-straw has to be specially thrashed, as the steam thrasher breaks it up too much, but that is work that can easily be done on a farm; and were it impossible, there are Norfolk reeds to fall back upon, the growing of which might develop into an important rural industry. Small holders have particular reason to be interested in this question of thatch, since no scheme can come into operation for providing them with land that does not necessitate the erection of a house. This is precisely

the kind of roof they could most easily obtain, and, what is of equal importance, themselves mend and keep in order. Not so many years ago the thatcher was as much part of the village as any other artisan, but the rural exodus has nearly swept him away. The difficulty of finding a thatcher to do any odd job is a recognised one. Happily, however, his craft is not so difficult but that a handy man could pick up as much as is needful to keep his own house in order. He has, at least, to thatch his ricks, and that will teach him something. We need say nothing of the picturesqueness of the material, because the Local Government Board is against any recognition of the need of beauty. The officials appear to rejoice when, in the words of a recognised authority, "the country is quickly covered with a gridiron pattern of stuccoed slums, while gardens in any proper sense cease to exist." Country people who have lived



Photo.

OLD THATCH.

Frith and Co.

under thatch, however, generally agree that, in addition to being cheap, it is a very cosy and comfortable roof, the warmest of all in winter and very cool in summer. Time was when nearly all the farmhouses in Great Britain and most of the dwellings in small towns, such as ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON, were roofed in this way.

The principle contended for is, however, a very simple one, being merely that country people, living as they do to a great extent in isolated houses, or, at most, in such small groups as may be seen in A THATCHED VILLAGE, run such very slight risk of fire that without endangering life to any appreciable degree they might fairly be allowed to use such materials as are at hand. These will vary much with the neighbourhood. The beautiful old post-office at Tintagel, which we show above the title HOME-BUILT, is constructed of the greenstone of the neighbourhood. Elsewhere timber or some form of mud might be more convenient. We must bear in mind that the English peasantry to a large extent live in dilapidated dwellings. The late Mr. Little summed



Photo.

HOME-BUILT.

Frith and Co.

wages towards rent, and the jerry-builder will have to follow suit as regards size and quality.

He knows better than the District Council what his customers want, and if only the customer can be educated into wanting what is decent and right, the jerry-builder will have to supply it." These are weighty and reasonable words; but if it so be that a certain grandmotherliness is essential to the dignity of the Local Government Board, the regulations might at least be reduced to a greater simplicity.



Photo.

A THATCHED VILLAGE.

Frith and Co.

up the Labour Commission reports thus: "There is abundant evidence to show that a large proportion of the cottages inhabited by labourers are below a proper standard of what is required for decency and comfort, while a considerable number of them are vile and deplorably wretched dwellings." But a great number of landlords are very willing to provide decent, comfortable dwellings, for which they expect no return if they are allowed to do so in an economic manner—that is to say, by making free use of such materials as happen to be on the estate. It need not be contended that everyone should be allowed to build just as he pleases, though something might be said from that point of view. A gentleman who has spent many hundreds of pounds in providing his servants with good cottages writes: "I am inclined to think the Local Authority—District Council, that is—had better interfere as little as may be, either by bye-laws or by themselves building cottages. The ordinary District Councillors are not experienced or skilled enough to be trusted to make bye-laws, to say nothing of a very possible taint of local jobbery; and if by private effort and example here and there the standard of cottages is raised, the labourers will gradually see the need of devoting a larger share of their

but it is hardly fair that a new and almost unknown author should prefix a book of this importance with mere initials and a surname, allowing the reader

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

LET some words of cordial praise, which it is real pleasure to write, be introduced by a preliminary complaint. "A Wayside Weed," by A. F. Slade (Hutchinson), is an excellent novel, more true and more strong than any that has been submitted to the public of late



Photo.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON. Frith and Co.

to draw his own conclusions as to the sex of the author from internal evidence. In this case I have very little doubt that A. F. Slade is a woman, and the reason for that conclusion is to be found mainly in the fact that all the women in this humble but very real tragedy are admirably drawn and perfectly natural, and that no single one among the men is quite complete or alive. Moreover, the author seems to realise more thoroughly than can be expected of any man the depth of the tragedy involved in the thoughtless betrayal of a village maid, and that complete sacrifice and abnegation of self of which a good woman is capable.

The foundation of the story is simplicity itself. Annie Deane, the pretty sixteen year old daughter of a Berkshire labourer, is betrayed by a charming young fellow on an idle walking tour in the usual way, and it may be added that the story of the betrayal is told with remarkable delicacy and simplicity. The betrayer loves and rides away, having never told the girl his name or occupation, having never promised to marry her, having, in fact, sinned in sheer thoughtlessness, and having never realised the consequences. Annie Deane remains at home for a while, then goes away to Reading to the house of Mrs. Fryer, one of the "unco' guid," for her trouble. And then comes the critical moment. Mrs. Fryer is out for the day. Jim Drake, the blacksmith's son at the old village, comes over to Reading with an offer to make an honest woman of Annie, but she refuses to do him so much injustice; and when he is gone, she escapes to London, intent on finding her betrayer, but trusting in him rather than blaming him. Clue she has very little. When he parted from her at the familiar meeting-place in the wood, he had promised to write; and he had written, leaving the letter enclosing a photograph and a five-pound note in a prearranged place of concealment near the trysting-place. With the photograph and the five-pound note, all she has in the world, Annie goes to London.

Her first step is to search out the photographer and to ask the name of the man whose portrait she possesses, and this is of course refused. Then she wanders out into the night to face her trouble alone; and here comes the part of the story that will strike different minds in very different ways, because it involves the interposition of the supernatural. Netherwood, a saintly but eccentric and rich curate of St. Saviour's, is sitting in his ascetic study when he hears a mysterious voice, which he follows out into the night of wind and rain. Having wandered far, he encounters Kate, a woman who has been rescued several times, and then, leaving her behind him, proceeds, led by the voice, up into a blind alley, where he finds Annie in her agony. Thereupon he fetches Kate—the worst of women being better than the best of men in these circumstances—and between them they take the unhappy girl to St. Saviour's Home, founded and managed by Netherwood. There Annie receives attention, and she and her boy-baby survive in health.

Then comes the remarkable feature of this story. A little time ago, in "A Son of Judith," Mr. Keating's book, I noticed how the betrayed woman devoted the life of herself and her son to the worship of the idea of revenge. Annie Deane, on the other hand, being perfectly simple and uneducated, being really very much in love with her betrayer, makes up her mind to redeem her own life, and, so far as she may, to redeem him from punishment, by incessant work and self-sacrifice. The matron of the Home misunderstands her, the sisters misunderstand her, and the only persons who do understand her are Netherwood and Kate; and it is Kate eventually who gets her a place at the house of a funny old lady named Mrs. Holt, who thinks she is philanthropic, whereas she is really cheerfully parsimonious, and of her husband, Mr. Holt. How Annie slaves in that house, how she never makes any secret of the existence of her boy Lin, how nobly she works, we are told with a particularity of detail which is both artistic and interesting. Moreover, as time goes on Annie begins to feel her feet a little, so to speak, as is well illustrated by the following dialogue between her and Mrs. Kemble, a frivolous niece of Mrs. Holt, who had married an elderly man for his money, and had then been disappointed. Mrs. Kemble has been abusing Annie because she will not enter her service and at the same time conceal the existence of her boy. And Annie, it may be added, is on the point of fainting from overwork.

"And yet, ma'am, to my mind, you yourself done some think quite as bad, if 'twasn't worse."

"A pause. Mrs. Kemble turned again on her heel, and stood transfixed with astonishment. Annie, white as a sheet with the pain of her head and the effort necessary to conquer her natural submission to her superiors, leaned heavily against the dresser, and bit her lips to keep them from twitching.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Kemble at last, 'but *what* was that you said? Surely I misunderstood you?"

"I said, ma'am, that to my mind you'd done somethink quite as bad, if not worse; an' I say now that I'd rather be like *I* am than I'd be like *you* are."

"In the name of everything that is ridiculous, what do you mean?"

"What I've said, ma'am. You haven't spared me, nor took any thought o' whether I'd any feeling or none, so I'm saying what I think to be right. I don't want to make any excuses for what I've done. Nobody could see plainer than I can the sin o' the thing, though I didn't properly see it at the time, for I was a bit of a baby, a few months past sixteen. I was just as ignorant o' what things is as your little children out there at play."

"She stopped and controlled her shaky voice. Mrs. Kemble's curiosity was aroused. What was the girl going to tell her?"

"I never had no pleasures—not what you'd call pleasures, ma'am—nor nobody to think I wanted any, for I was only one out of a lot, an' we was very poor. I've heard you talk about being poor, ma'am, but I means that sort of poorness what don't give you enough to eat, an' keeps the children abed while you washes out their clothes for Sundays. I've worked hard enough since I've bin here, an' lately I've done more than one pair o' hands can do for long



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together; but ever since I was a child I can remember nothing but hard work, with nursin' a heavy baby for a kind o' rest. When I goes home to bed now I often think o' my bed on the floor at home. It was the best as mother could give me, but there wasn't much comfort in it, ma'am, for a girl that worked from five in the mornin' to seven at night, an' often later than that. Mother was such a slave herself that I don't suppose she'd got time to think it was hard on me, but it was. A girl what's young don't always want to be a slave, even if 'tis to her own brothers an' sisters. Then in the middle o' all that there come along that man. He was nothink like any man I'd ever had to do with; he was the sort o' man that even *you*, ma'am, might be proud to think as he took notice of you. He took a lot o' notice o' me, an' was that kind to me an' friendly-like in his ways that I sort o' got deaf an' blind to everythink but him."

"Mrs. Kemble, becoming interested, perched herself on the edge of the kitchen table.

"Did your parents know anything about it?"

"No, ma'am; I met him on the sly."

"You were quite old enough to know *that* was wrong."

"Quite old enough, ma'am. I'm not trying to excuse myself at all. I'm on'y tryin' to show you what sort o' life I'd had, an' what a wonderful thing it was to be made a fuss of by somebody like him. I got right out o' myself. I had no more thought o' *myself* than if I'd bin a stock or a stone. I was what you'd call a fool, but if my right hand could ha' done him any good, I'd ha' gone for the rest of my life without one. Mind, ma'am, that man never promised me nothink at all. I jest throwed myself away for the pleasure o' bein' with him, o' bein' somethink to do with him, bad as it was."

"It *was* bad," said Mrs. Kemble, filling in the pause, 'and, as I said—very foolish."

"Well, ma'am, that was *me*, an' now here am I, a ruined woman; an' as you says, it serves me right. But when you've said that, ma'am, I can't help thinkin' o' *you*. You was older than me, an' had, as far as I can see, everythink as heart could wish for—educat'ion to learn you what *was* right, plenty o' love an' kindness, an' all! There come along to you a man what was old enough to be your father, an', if I judge right, older than that, an' you throwed yourself away just as sure as ever I did, not for the sake o' him, but for the sake o' what he'd got. You've told me that yourself. Wasn't you old enough to know *that* was wrong? I think so. You're glad to say that us two isn't ast to look at things from the same point o' view, and, ma'am, *so am I*, for I do say that I could sooner forgive a girl who sold herself for love than one what sold herself for money. It means the same ruin to both o' 'em, when you looks at it right, but at least the one what sells herself for love don't go to church an' call God to witness a wicked lie. I'm an unhappy woman, ma'am, an' *you* are the one to say it serves me right. I musn't say that to you, because it's not my place, but I can *think* what I like, ma'am, can't I?"

"Having said which, Annie stumbled forward and fell in a heap upon the floor."

This dialogue sufficiently shows how the character of the village maiden had grown and strengthened, and it is needless to say that, after this scene, the sisters at the Home begin to look more carefully into the manner of her treatment. Meanwhile, Lin must not be forgotten. It is but natural that the son, though he knows it not, of Le Quesne, the famous tenor, should soon show musical ability, and in fact begin as choir-boy and assistant in a music shop, and should then, through the benevolence of Mr. Holt (Mrs. Holt having joined the majority), be trained as a singer and achieve success. It is but natural also that while he cherishes in spite of his mother's prayers, an undying hatred of his unknown father, he should, as a matter of fact, become closely associated with and fascinated by Le Quesne, and that at the end there should be a terrible *dénouement*, very painful to all concerned. But for that, for the tender pleading of Annie, for the remorse of Le Quesne, for the struggle between pity and the sense of justice in the mind of Lin, the reader must be referred to the book itself. They are wonderfully portrayed, but the present purpose is rather to indicate very feebly and very imperfectly the nobility of this Christian tragedy as

compared with the terrible gloom of Mr. Keating's story, which, albeit dubbed powerful melodrama by some critics, is really almost *Æschylean* in its strength. For the rest, it will be enough to say that the little details in the characters and scenes are painted in with faithful art. For example, on strict grounds of morality there is almost nothing to be said in defence of Le Quesne; but, moved partly by Annie's pleading, one cannot help liking him. He behaves as if he had forgotten her altogether. In fact, there is one period in the story at which a pure and beautiful woman breaks off her engagement with him, not because he has remembered and confessed, but because he has also confessed to having forgotten the incident. Yet even then he has been hardly treated by fate. He has forgotten the incident because he has been led to believe that Annie has passed out of his life, and the occasion on which he is led to believe this is, perhaps, one of the cleverest scenes in the book. Annie has taken a holiday to go down with Lin to the old Berkshire village of her childhood, where she and Lin spend a day in the wood, Lin being quite a child. On the same day Le Quesne has also gone to the Berkshire village, where he passes unrecognised and has encountered Alice, Annie's younger sister, now married to Jim Drake and full of jealousy, and has been informed that Annie is married and gone to Canada and that the child is dead. That is village life and woman's spite all over.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

WITH this week the show season has begun in earnest. Yesterday that of the Shires closed with the sale of the aged stallions. On Wednesday was the Perth show of shorthorns, and March is quite a busy month. Hackneys will occupy the Agricultural Hall on the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, and the Birmingham Shorthorn Show will be held on the first three of these days. On March 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th will be the Hunters' Improvement Society's Show at Islington, and also that of the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding. On the 14th and 15th the polo ponies have their turn. In addition the following minor shows are set down for March: Cart-horses at Northallerton on the 6th; Galloway cattle at Castle Douglas on the 7th; Royal Northern Spring Show at Aberdeen on the 8th; Shire horses at Stafford on the 9th; Bromsgrove on the 10th; Aberdeen-Angus at Birmingham on the 14th; Devons at Totnes on the 19th; Herefords at Hereford on the 20th; stallions at Peterborough on the 23rd; Teg Show at Campden on the 27th; stallions at Market Drayton on the same

day; and stallions at Norwich on the 30th. It will be seen, therefore, that the month holds something for many localities and many different breeds.

We do not hear very satisfactory accounts of the early lambing season from the Southern Counties, the lambs, though of good quality, being rather short in point of numbers, the inclement weather having told severely against them. Now that the storm is past, however, they ought to do very much better, especially as there are some pickings in the pastures and a fair supply of roots. "After Candlemas Day," says an old proverb, "snow lies on a hot stone," and we may fairly expect to escape further storms of a damaging character this year. At any rate, breeders of Down sheep will hope to do so.

Among the highly-successful agricultural shows held every year, that of the Duke of Portland at Wellbeck Abbey occupies a first place, and it is highly satisfactory to learn from the newly-published accounts, that last year it left a balance of £625 8s. 3d. in the hands of the treasurer. Of course this is an estate show pure and simple, and utilised by His Grace as an opportunity of reviewing the agricultural work of the year. It differs in this respect from the one at Tring, which is not confined to anybody's tenantry, but the two are alike in being eminently successful, and it appears to be a reasonable conclusion that the prosperity of a show does not depend on its character so much as upon able management—a fact that those who run the Royal Agricultural Society might well take to heart. The Duke of Portland is so much pleased with the result at Wellbeck, that this year it is proposed to begin holding an autumn show as well for competition in regard to roots, corn, potatoes, dead poultry, and butter. We hope it will produce results as satisfactory as the June one, which began with the exhibition of a few weedy horses and now furnishes a remarkable collection of half-breeds.

The results obtained from their competition by the Utility Poultry Club are not very encouraging to poultry keepers. It was conducted at the Manor Poultry Farm, Slough. The hens were kept four months, and when the cost of their food was set against what had been received for eggs, it was seen that the club was £12 out of pocket. The winner of the first prize did well, and the second pen was fair, but the others were not satisfactory. Eighty pullets laid a total of 565 eggs in four months, or an average of twenty-eight to each pen of four pullets, an egg a fortnight per hen. Two of the hens did not lay a single egg during the whole of the time. Such a record obviously can have little bearing on the art of poultry keeping, as it means that there must have been bad management somewhere. It is not nearly up to the standard that is attained by many who do not dream of entering their chickens for competition, but are content to earn a small profit out of them.



AT THE THEATRE

THE scene of Olivia's Garden, in "Twelfth Night," at Her Majesty's Theatre, has been described in many quarters, including these columns, as the most beautiful of its kind ever placed upon the stage. In reference to

it, we have received the following letter:

DEAR PHOEBUS,—I have been reading with great pleasure the notice in COUNTRY LIFE of "Twelfth Night." In the course of that notice, it is stated that the scene of Olivia's Garden is "worthy of an honoured place in 'Gardens Old and New.'" It may interest you to know that the identical scene was suggested by a picture in COUNTRY LIFE, of which paper I am a diligent student.—Yours sincerely,

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

THE revival of "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," at the Duke of York's Theatre, is very welcome. It is a real comedy in the best sense of the word—in many respects, probably, the best costume comedy a contemporary author has given us. We were not astonished, of course, on its first production, at the clean-cut wit of the dialogue—for its author is Mr. Anthony Hope—but we were as pleased as surprised at the ingenuity of its construction and the deftness of the conduct of the intrigue, for at this time the stage was a comparatively new medium to the novelist. The play proves itself on its revival to be more than a thing of the moment; it seems as though it might become a standard acting play. Of very few modern successes, however brilliant, can this be said.

But "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" is so joyous, so buoyant, so full of spirit, so interesting and entertaining from first to last, that one can watch it many times without boredom, even though one knows the plot by heart. Here is "manner" indeed.

But it is manner allied to matter, and hence its great charm. We mean absolutely no disrespect to the management or company of the Duke of York's Theatre when we say that the play's proper sphere was the Haymarket, where it

would probably have continued its career for years. The style with which plays are produced there makes so much difference. We could not possibly have a more dainty, a more alluring, a more wholly satisfying Ursula than Miss Evelyn Millard; she looks a "perfect picture" and she acts with fascinating sprightliness. And it would be difficult to find a breezier, a more acceptable hero than Mr. Herbert Waring, who enters into the heart of anything which he plays, from Ibsen to Hope—wide asunder as Norway and Mayfair—with an effect which is always convincing and appropriate.

Mr. Charles Fulton, Mr. Day, Miss Agnes Miller could hardly be improved upon, and "Lady Ursula" once again carries everything by storm. All that it lacks is "style" in ensemble.

THE new theatre, the Apollo, in Shaftesbury Avenue, is one of the most beautiful, and certainly one of the most comfortable and well-arranged, playhouses in London. It can be warmed and cooled at will, its means of egress are many, its line of sight in every part is excellent, its decoration bright and pretty. As a building it is a decided acquisition. But Mr. Lowenfeld, its proprietor, will have to provide something far better than the American musical farce, "The Belle of Bohemia," if he wishes the public to enter it. The latest importation from over the Atlantic is quite impossible. It has no wit, originality, charm, or beauty. It is sometimes vulgar and seldom amusing. Mr. Smith's libretto is bewildering and



dull, Mr. Englander's music very rarely rises above the commonplace. The mounting is primitively garish. Among the company are three or four clever and attractive people, but they are entirely helpless.

The story is supposed to deal with the adventures of two strangers, who so resemble each other that the most extraordinary complications ensue. The resemblance is of the slightest, and the complications are of the stupidest kind. The "plot" is carried on by means of songs and dances and jokes which are not pretty, graceful, or funny; as isolated music-hall "turns" they might strike one as amusing—perhaps. Miss Marie George sings and acts in a sprightly fashion; Miss Marie Dainton is bright and earnest enough to make us wish her surroundings were more worthy. Mr. Don, who, we believe, is termed a "German dialect comedian," is distinctly original and quaint;

not been unanimously cordial, but of course we shall be pleased to give Mr. Potter an unprejudiced hearing, however much "The Conquerors" previously disposed us against him. It is conceivable that "Under Two Flags" would make a good drama, but it will want very skilful handling.

Because Mr. Lowenfeld determined to make his première an "invitation" performance, that there might be no risk of disturbance on the opening night of his theatre, the Apollo, or the chance of his company being disheartened by unfriendly interruption, that very active and vigorous association of "first-night" piffettes and galleryites, the O. P. Club, protested. But we must grant to a theatrical manager, as to any other person, the right to manage his own affairs in a manner most pleasing to himself, so long as the law is not infringed; and, though the idea of a semi-private performance may jar upon us, he really has much reason on his side. We do not want to silence the expression of public opinion, but that opinion can be expressed on the first public performance.

And there is no doubt that actors and actresses are often prevented from doing their best by fears of "bos" and ridicule. The O. P. Club says that critics may be biased by the applause of a too friendly audience. We do not

think so. Nothing is more irritating to a critic, or any other open-minded person, than ill-judged cheers coming from an evident clique. Neither is he, nor should he be, impressed by the groans and cat-calling of a clique. And the fact remains that performers are rendered nervous by such ironical expressions. Also the more important fact that this is a free country, and Mr. Lowenfeld, or anyone else, must be allowed to do as he thinks best. If certain playgoers do not like his system they are at perfect liberty to stay away altogether. Nor is Mr. Lowenfeld's plan quite new. The precedent was set by the late Alexander Henderson during his series of comic operas at the Comedy Theatre.

Pailleron's delightful comedy, "Le Monde ou l'on s'Ennuie," was not heard of on the English stage for nearly a score of years. A capital translation—literal, so far as the correct English would allow—is presented at a matinée, and at once we hear of another version. This time it is not a translation, but an adaptation, the locale and people being English, from no less distinguished a pen than that of Mr. Herman Merivale. The love story and general scheme of the original are retained, but all the rest is quite modern and English. If Mr. Merivale has been able to keep intact the delightful spirit, humour, and sentiment of Pailleron, and to add to them modernity and a representation of our own fashions and fads, we shall be delighted. But, nevertheless, we are glad to have seen the piece in its original form, as a picture of French life of its own period.

Miss Constance Collier, like several other actresses now making their mark in serious drama, first became known to us as one of the crowd of handsome ladies at the Gaiety. Almost her first departure from this was her capital performance of the gipsy in "One Summer's Day"; and she was a distinguished figure as Lady Sneerwell in the Haymarket revival of "The School for Scandal." In "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," at the Globe, Miss Collier has added to a reputation steadily growing in the higher walks of the drama.

The new Gaiety Theatre is now being built, a few yards away from the site of the present house. Mr. George Edwards promises us it shall be the most luxurious theatre in London, and we shall expect something of the sort from him. It is unlikely that the new house will be opened for eighteen months, and the old Gaiety will continue to appeal to the public till within a week or two of the opening of its successor.

Miss Marie Tempest will shortly start on an American tour. She is already popular in the United States, but only as a singer. It is Miss Tempest's intention to appear there in drama, not in opera. But her version of "English Nell" has already been seen there, so it will be necessary for her to secure a repertoire. We wish her much success.

PHŒBUS.



J. Cassell-Smith.

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.

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the humorous Mr. Carle is quite wasted. One or two of the other members of the company deserve praise; two or three of them simply bore.

A NEW costume play by Mr. Max Pemberton, writer of fine, bold romance, who should find a very agreeable medium in the drama, and a new play of modern life, "The Heel of Achilles," by Mr. Louis N. Parker and Mr. Boyle Lawrence, are among the acquisitions of Miss Julia Neilson wherewith to carry on her management whenever "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" may "cease to attract"—probably some time next year. Mr. Parker we know as a constructive dramatist of proved and versatile gifts; Mr. Lawrence, we believe, has hitherto confined himself to the destructive art of criticising other people's plays, if we may except two one-act pieces produced some years ago. "Oh! that mine enemy might write a book" is a quotation which will occur to many of his brothers who attend first nights in a judicial capacity.

Still more dramatisations of novels. Mr. Paul Potter, known to fame in this country as the author of "The Conquerors," produced at the St. James's Theatre, is coming from America to arrange here for the production of his stage version of Ouida's "Under Two Flags." Its reception in the United States has

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BUILDING BYE-LAWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—All who take the least interest in the appearance of our country or suburban districts must be thankful for your crusade against the absurd bye-laws which are being forced upon the community by our elected representatives, either because they have no inclination for aught beyond the utilitarian, or because they dread the Local Government Board, whose Model Bye-laws are models only for those whose ambition it is to reduce the country to one dead level of ugly uniformity. I would ask you to organise some definite form of opposition to the further adoption of these laws by local bodies, who—for want of information—are fast rendering the villages of England as commonplace as the towns, most of which are past praying for. The origin of the Parish and Urban Councils' actions is a mistaken idea that a picturesque house, cottage, or row of cottages, cannot be sanitary and safe—an idea which would quickly be destroyed if such letters, from architects and others, as you have published could be brought fairly before the local councils.—I. C. GOULD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may, perhaps, interest you to know what Mr. J. L. Green says of the bye-laws. He has written a good deal about rural England, and is a man of strictly moderate views. The passage following is quoted from "English Country Cottages": "These bye-laws have long formed, and still form, a hindrance to many who wish to erect properties suitable for the agricultural labouring classes. We believe that in some important respects they might be altered with advantage, and without endangering the public health or safety. Indeed, we go so far as to say that it is somewhat strange to read many of them as applicable to country districts." Like you, he holds that the worst of the bye-laws are those which restrain those who build from using such material as is natural to the district. I thought it might be of interest to copy the passage out, for it is pretty certain no change will be produced till Mr. Walter Long is convinced of the condemnation of the bye-laws from every possible point of view. Your correspondent does not exaggerate very greatly when he says that nothing short of an earthquake or an explosion of dynamite will effectually rouse the stolid British official. But I hope you will keep driving the facts home till he wakes up.—X.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you permit me to thank your correspondent, "An Architect," for his word about the spiritual needs of man? This sort of argument may not carry much weight in Downing Street, which prides itself on being outside sentiment, but some of us are of opinion that wisdom does not culminate in the Local Government Board. It seems that the London Building Act offers no restraint to those who would pile house on house in flats, so that the East End of London is returning to what old Edinburgh was; and if ever infectious disease got about, old Edinburgh used to have its share. I am convinced that this horrible method of housing the poor has more to do with the development of Hooliganism than is generally believed. In the country it is by no means the rule to study beauty of appearance; only at rare intervals does one come across anything deserving of the name of fine architecture. The average cottage of the labouring man seems to me just about as ugly, squalid, and repellent as it can be made. How can he attach any notion of home to it? As a matter of fact he does not; it is only a place of disagreeable associations that he takes care to quit as soon as he has an opportunity of getting to town. Nevertheless, all are agreed that it is essential to Imperial welfare that our rustics should learn to love the country. Efforts are being made to teach that to them in youth, and schoolmasters are enjoined to make them practically familiar with all outdoor pursuits, animals, and plants. That is very right and well, and ought to cause the rustic to feel a certain pleasure in the open air and the memory of it. But you will increase his happiness much more if you give him a dwelling such as the mind loves to linger on. It need not be very ornate; indeed, I fancy that ornamentation is rather a mistake, though I remember a rustic family who had the most curious passion for two stucco idols that had been accidentally left in the cottage. What you want most, however, is a quiet, finely-proportioned cottage, well built of inconspicuous material, clear of any strong contrasts that might strike the eye, but possessed of that beauty which grows with familiarity and long acquaintance—a beauty to live with, in short. It is, and must be, unattainable by the bye-laws, with their stupid insistence on brick and slate and their prohibition of local materials. The regulations, in fact, might have been framed by such a body of men as "An Architect" says often has to administer them—the butchers and bakers, with the aid of the undertakers. Nothing but a most drastic revision at the hands of a properly constituted body, which will include some men of sound artistic tastes, will ever be of any use. Can you not induce some capable Member of Parliament to take the matter up from that point of view?—G. M. R.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have followed with much interest the valuable series of articles appearing in your paper on "The Building Bye-laws" and the effect of their application to the homes of the poor in country districts. While feeling with one of your correspondents that many of the demands and restrictions imposed on rural house-making by these laws constitute a tyranny (a hateful thing to Britons), and that they actually operate as a hindrance to the decent housing of what remains of the rural population, there is another aspect of the case which ought to merit and receive the attention of some of your readers. I mean the materialistic spirit in which these laws have been conceived, which narrows down all conceptions of originality or beauty, or fitness to use, or situation, in dwellings to be built for that portion of humanity who are more immediately connected with Nature in her unsophisticated, and therefore beautiful, conditions. The labouring man earns his living in the clear air and under the wide skies of the country; all the divine alchemy of the year is disclosed under his eyes day by day, clothing the brown clouds with emerald and gold, and gemming hedgerow and garden with the inimitable tints of innumerable flowers. Who shall say what may be the effect on character as well as on physical development by life amid such surroundings? "Man shall not live by bread alone." One shudders at many of the makeshift kennels and sties which poor humanity has had to shelter in, because it found no other place to lay its head in. One also shivers a little in passing through some bleak, dull, suburban street of houses where working men live; the dead uniformity, the staring red brick, even defaced and defiled by the children always swarming in such streets, their only playground. Who would wish, were it practicable, to transfer such a red village to any rural scene one loves, depositing those characterless, inharmonious, machine-made rows of dwellings by the homely simplicity and beauty of the fields? Does not a regretful vision rise before one of quite other houses than these—of cottages, quaint, homely, old-world, nestling under embowering trees amidst the old-fashioned flowers of their gardens, looking so much a part of the scenes which they help to make, that one almost feels as if they had grown there, and that loving hands had tended them in that and repair and lived gratefully under their shelter, until the dwellings themselves have taken on an almost human aspect of sympathy and character? Why must dwellings like these be no longer permitted to cheer our eyes?—J. M. G.

THE BLUEJACKETS' OPPORTUNITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE, when describing the Queen's Funeral, you say, "We sincerely regret there will never be any complete unity of opinion respecting that which actually occurred outside Windsor Great Western Station." As I was

an eye-witness of the occurrence, perhaps my opinion, with snap-shot evidence, would help to give a clearer version of the matter. I am sorry the snap-shots are so small, and not very clear, through the light at the time being very bad; but poor as they are, they will help on description. In No. 1 snap-shot the gun-carriage is in waiting, a position it was in nearly two hours before arrival of the train. There were six bay horses—three riders, and Artillerymen with leading reins to the other three. All this time the horses stood perfectly still. Between the gun-carriage and the wall about 100 Bluejackets stood. In No. 2 the train has arrived, and the coffin is being carried by the guard to the gun-carriage, the horses keeping perfectly quiet. In No. 3 the coffin has been placed on the gun-carriage, the horses still behaving well. This is just previously to placing the pall and crown upon the coffin. In No. 4 the pall has been placed upon the coffin, and the start begins. The guns were firing and the curfew bell tolling, and at this moment the muffled drums and band began, and, in my opinion, the sound, its like never heard before, frightened the shaft-horse, not the one being ridden. The soldier holding the leading rein stuck well to him, but he stood up, pawing the air with his front feet, and he seemed to get right on to the neck of the other horse. The soldier tried patting, but there was no quieting the horse. The other shaft-horse also became restive, and the rider had all his work with the two; the leaders also became uneasy. You will see by No. 5 they went forward some yards, and at this point all the Royal followers had to stand still, and it looked as if a serious accident was about to happen. The King spoke hurriedly to the Duke of Connaught, and then to the Kaiser, and the Duke of Cambridge came out of his line; a naval officer came forward and saluted, and then a military officer on horseback gave the order "Take horses out." I was told the naval officer was H. R. H. Prince Battenberg. The gun-carriage was then quite out of the straight line. The men took out the horses by unlinking at the connection, and the Artillerymen drove off with their harnessed horses. Had there been room the soldiers would have got the best of the horses, but the space being small there was too much danger on trying further. When the horses had left, for a minute the space was empty, but then came the Bluejackets, who had up to this time been standing some 20 yds. back, doubled by order, and at once put themselves in attitude for drawing the carriage, but there was nothing to hold to. A Bluejacket then ran after the horses and quickly brought back the connecting pole, and others came along with the traces, etc., from the six horses. It took about 10 min. to join the harness and get ready, and then the second start was made, as in snap-shot No. 6. I am sure it was no fault of the Artillerymen. Their splendid self-possession and ability prevented an accident which cannot be thought of without a shudder. When the muffled drums and the band began the prelude to the "Dead March" it was to me like a coming earthquake, a rumbling sound as from under the earth, reverberating within the station yard from wall to wall and under the covered glass-domed roofs, a sound altogether different from out in the open. A little girl who stood near me was very frightened, and clung to her aunt in great fear. I am sure, and the half-dozen friends on the same platform held the same opinion, that the horse was frantically frightened and wanted to bolt.—G. T. JONES.

[This letter goes a long way to settle a point of deep and very general interest, but we regret to say that the snap-shots when reproduced would not be of much value as evidence.—ED.]

THE BEST FOOD FOR HORSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am somewhat disappointed to find that such an important matter as that brought to notice by an Irish correspondent in your issue of February 2nd, viz., that there is a difference in the feeding value of oats beyond the mere matter of weight, should have failed to draw out some information from your other readers. I take it that an analysis of oatmeals will give a fairly accurate idea of the properties of the oats from which the meals were made, and I give you the following figures, taken from *Food and Health* of January, 1898, and the *Miller* of October 1st, 1900:

	Canadian Oatmeal. Per cent.	Scotch Aberdeenshire. Per cent.	Scotch East Lothian. Per cent.	Irish Northern Millin Co., Belfast. Per cent.
Albuminoids — bone and muscle-formers	13.80	14.00	17.80	18.90
Carbohydrates — heat-formers	69.13	69.49	62.37	60.40
Oil or fat	7.66	8.38	8.96	7.30
Water	6.05	4.51	7.61	9.90
Vegetable fibre, min. rals, etc.	3.36	3.62	3.26	3.50

From these, it would seem that the properties of oats vary, not only as regards the different countries, but also in different parts of the same country. To a trainer of race-horses the most important qualities in the oats he uses are the bone and muscle-formers and the heat-formers. Of the first he can scarcely get too much, and of the latter he very easily can, and may have skin troubles to contend against as a result. I have kept horses for years for purposes of business and pleasure, and have had practically no personal trouble about feeding. Until about five years ago I used the best Irish oats I could get, but was then induced to try a mixed food (Castalia), which has, if anything, improved matters—at least, I have had no cases of sickness from feeding during the five years. The horse and his future are being very much discussed and written about nowadays, but I regret to see so little intelligent enquiry about his food, which seems to be such a very important factor in his welfare. My main object in troubling you is to try if the subject will not be taken up by men who really know about such matters.—HORSE-LOVER.

[We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers on this interesting subject.—ED.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—*Apropos* of the enquiry of your Irish correspondent, who asks: "Can the soil on which grain is grown have much to do with its feeding qualities?" there can be no question but that it has. In a recent monumental work, published in German, and entitled "The Horse," the whole question of breeding and training is gone into most scientifically, and the author, a Berlin veterinarian, attributes the superior stamina of British horses to the limestone soil on which much of the fodder is grown. Now, of course, your correspondent must be aware of the great extent of the magnesian limestone strata in Ireland—English limestone strata are mostly of the oolitic variety, which I believe I am correct in saying is not so rich in bone-forming constituents. Two other points. As an Irishman, your correspondent must have remarked

that many an Irish horse or cob, which an Englishman would not from its appearance dream of counting fit to hunt, is often a splendid goer over a rough country of big ditches or stone walls. Whyte Melville has often noted this fact. My other point is this: In every town which has substituted a soft-water supply



for hard (containing lime) diseases of the bones, such as rickets, etc., and bad teeth have enormously increased amongst the human population. I forget the name of the author of the German book, but could find out if your correspondent is interested.—Editor *Irish Builder*, Dublin.

A REEVE'S PHEASANT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a Reeve's pheasant, shot near Cuckfield, in Sussex. The bird is a fine specimen, measuring 6ft. 2in. from beak to tail, and is certainly an old cock, having spurs 2in. in length. I believe I am right in saying that no one in the neighbourhood has kept any of these pheasants for some four or five years, so it is curious that this specimen survived so long.—S. N. PYM.

HEATING A HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you or any of your correspondents advise me as to the best method of heating a small house with hot water. The house consists, downstairs, of billiard sitting-room, 46ft. by 21ft., this room has three outside walls and no rooms over; dining-room, 23ft. by 16ft.; hall, about 15ft. by 15ft.; small study; passage; front and back stairs. Upstairs, landing, passage, one large and four medium-sized bedrooms. I should like to have the means of heating and shutting off the heat in each room at will. Which is most recommended, radiators or pipes let into the flooring, and which is the cheapest plan? The stove for this purpose must be entirely distinct from kitchen or stove that heats the bath water. What class of stove do you most recommend, and could you give me any idea as to approximate cost? I want a simple, economical stove. I should like to be able to maintain a heat of 55deg. regularly. I have taken in your valuable paper since it first came out, and have found it most useful to me for gardening hints, etc.—POTSY.

[Readers perhaps may help, but we must ask them to eschew mention of individual firms of engineers.—ED.]

TRIMMING FOR DOG SHOWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The brilliant and witty article, "On Dog Shows," which appears in your issue of February 23rd, has its serious foundation no less than its amusing aspect. It is, one cannot doubt, the fruit of a visit to Mr. Cruft's recent show at the Agricultural Hall at Islington, and the impression produced upon me was precisely that which your contributor clearly describes; it was an impression which stamped itself on my mind the more vividly because for some fifteen years I have not spent so long a time at any dog show as it was my fortune to spend at the Agricultural Hall. The fact is that trimming, approaching perilously near to the verge of faking, has reached a far more serious development than I could have believed to be possible, and has certainly attained a pitch which calls for stern treatment at the hands of judges of independent spirit. One has every sympathy with the judges themselves. Many of them had far too much work to do, and they were expected to possess a knowledge of more breeds than any one man can be expected to know thoroughly. Mr. F. Gresham, for example, had to decide among the Chows, Dalmatians, deerhounds, Irish wolfhounds, otter-hounds, and Dandie Dinmonts—a veritable kaleidoscope of breeds—and some of the classes (for example, "foreign dogs, other") were simply absurd. How on earth could Mr. C. H. Lane decide between a tiny Maltese poodle, or something of that sort, and a shaggy monster fit only to drag a sledge through Arctic snows? Yet, so far as I am aware, the judges showed as much omniscience as was to be expected of them in any reasonable world, and there were not many complaints that they placed the dogs paraded before them in the wrong order. For myself, even if I differed from the judge's view in a given case, I should keep silence, on the principle that the judges do their best, and that it is the cricketer's duty to accept the decision of the umpire without demur, and, similarly, the fancier's duty to abide by the award of the judge. What I complain of is rather that in two classes certainly, and possibly in some others, a good many dogs ought to have been turned out of the ring as having been faked in the most unblushing fashion. The two classes referred to were the Dandies and the Bedlingtons, the latter being the more flagrant of the two. Nearly all the Bedlingtons were so ruthlessly plucked that they had no long hair at all, so much so in fact that they looked like toy lambs in everything except disposition and temper. Some of the Dandies, too, had been shockingly treated. One, in particular, had been plucked so severely on the surface of the ear that the skin was sore and pink, and, as a cynic observed, "when they did get to the pile it was not of the right colour." As for the topknots, they had been treated with as much attention as a fond nurse gives to the curl on the head of a boy baby. Now I submit with some confidence that this is not business. As a hard man I do not care a straw what exhibitors do to toy dogs and the like, but I dislike to see a working dog—and Dandies and Bedlingtons are very much working dogs—made into a puppet and a doll. Will no judge arise of independent spirit who will put his foot down on this hair-dressing business, once and for all, by turning the plucked dogs out of the ring? Do our judges know so little that they cannot recognise merit without being allured by all this artificiality? Let me end with a little story. Some ladies of my acquaintance have taken to breeding guinea-pigs for

exhibition, and they were much distressed by finding that one "cavy," other wise perfect, had some white hairs in the wrong place. "Pull them out," was the suggestion, and the answer was, "That would be faking, and we should be liable to be turned out of all the guinea-pig clubs to which we belong." The same process would, it seems to me, be a sure path to the presidency of a specialist dog club.—A REAL DOG-LOVER.

TREATMENT OF OAK FOR ORNAMENTAL WORK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see that no one has answered your letter in *COUNTRY LIFE*, at least as far as publication is concerned, so I venture to give you my experience on some of the points about which you ask for information. My remarks apply solely to English oak, of which I have had a great deal of experience within the last sixteen years, for building purposes and interior decoration, such as panelling and furniture, chimney-pieces, and so on. For interior work I always prefer oak cut "on the quarter," as the sawyers call it, as you thereby get all the "figure" in the grain, and I think it stands better in the work afterwards; but for outdoor work oak cut on the "bastard quarter" is quite good enough. As regards seasoning, I know that the old rule was "a year to an inch," but practical experience shows that this is not nearly enough under ordinary conditions. I like to put all planks in stacks, and leave them open to wind and weather for four or five years, then put them in the dry—a loft or shed does, but I put mine under open sheds with a galvanised iron roof. Practically, the longer you keep it the better. Of course, for outdoor work, and in large-sized pieces—say 6in. by 4in.—so much seasoning and time is not wanted, as if the joints do open a bit it does not matter so much as in floor-boards and joinery work. I think that you can force on the seasoning of oak much, though I know that foreign oak is dried artificially very often. But it must drive the nature out of the wood, and make it less durable. If you tried to hurry on the seasoning of English oak by exposing it to great heat, it would be certain to have its revenge by casting about in all directions after it was worked up. I do not like beeswax at all—save perhaps very thin on floors already darkened by age—and housemaids have a knack of putting on too much. Of course, beeswax retards the colouring of oak, as it stops up the pores of the wood, and what darkens the oak is exposure to air, smoke (specially wood smoke), and, above all, light. We quite agree that varnish is an abomination. I used to give all my new woodwork a thin coat of old linseed oil, but for the past ten years I have given up even that, and now leave it entirely alone. But if you do put on anything, I should advise this treatment of linseed oil. It immediately tones down the raw look of new oak, and if put on oak which has been exposed to the weather, it will turn it a dark brown approaching black. Moreover, it acts as a preservative in some measure out of doors, and indoors keeps the wood mellow and less disposed to crack or open at the joints; in fact, to use the joiner's expression, "it gives the wood something to feed on." The fumes of ammonia are, of course, the usual means of prematurely darkening oak, but nothing but time can ever give you the lovely silver grey colour. Out of doors this comes pretty quickly, especially where the timber is much exposed to rain and sun; but indoors the process is slow, though much quicker even than people generally suppose. Ammonia always seems to me to give the wood a sickly, grey green shade, so I would leave it all untouched by anything; but if you do use anything, let it be old linseed oil (not boiled oil, which is worse almost than varnish) rubbed or brushed on as thin as possible. Please excuse the considerable length this letter has reached, but I am rather an enthusiastic amateur on the subject in question, and am always buying and converting the finest trees I can get—I have about £2,500 worth now some ten years and more cut, and some in the log waiting its turn with the sawyers; and I have panelled and floored my house with English oak, and constructed a big hammer-beam hall roof, till I hardly know how to use any more! If there is any question I could answer further, I should be only too glad; and I have really only touched the fringe of the subject, as the more one does with oak the more one finds out, as, for instance, what class of oak to buy, the influence of soil on growth and fibre, the best modes of putting together, etc.—H. C. MOFFATT.

[We are much indebted to our correspondent for his very valuable and careful letter.—ED.]

THE SWAN'S RETREAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know if you will think the enclosed sufficiently interesting for your excellent paper, but I have sent it in case you should. The photograph was taken last June from a punt in a small backwater at Cookham-on-Thames. The negative was taken and developed by myself. I call the picture "The Swan's Retreat."—F. BEASLEY.

